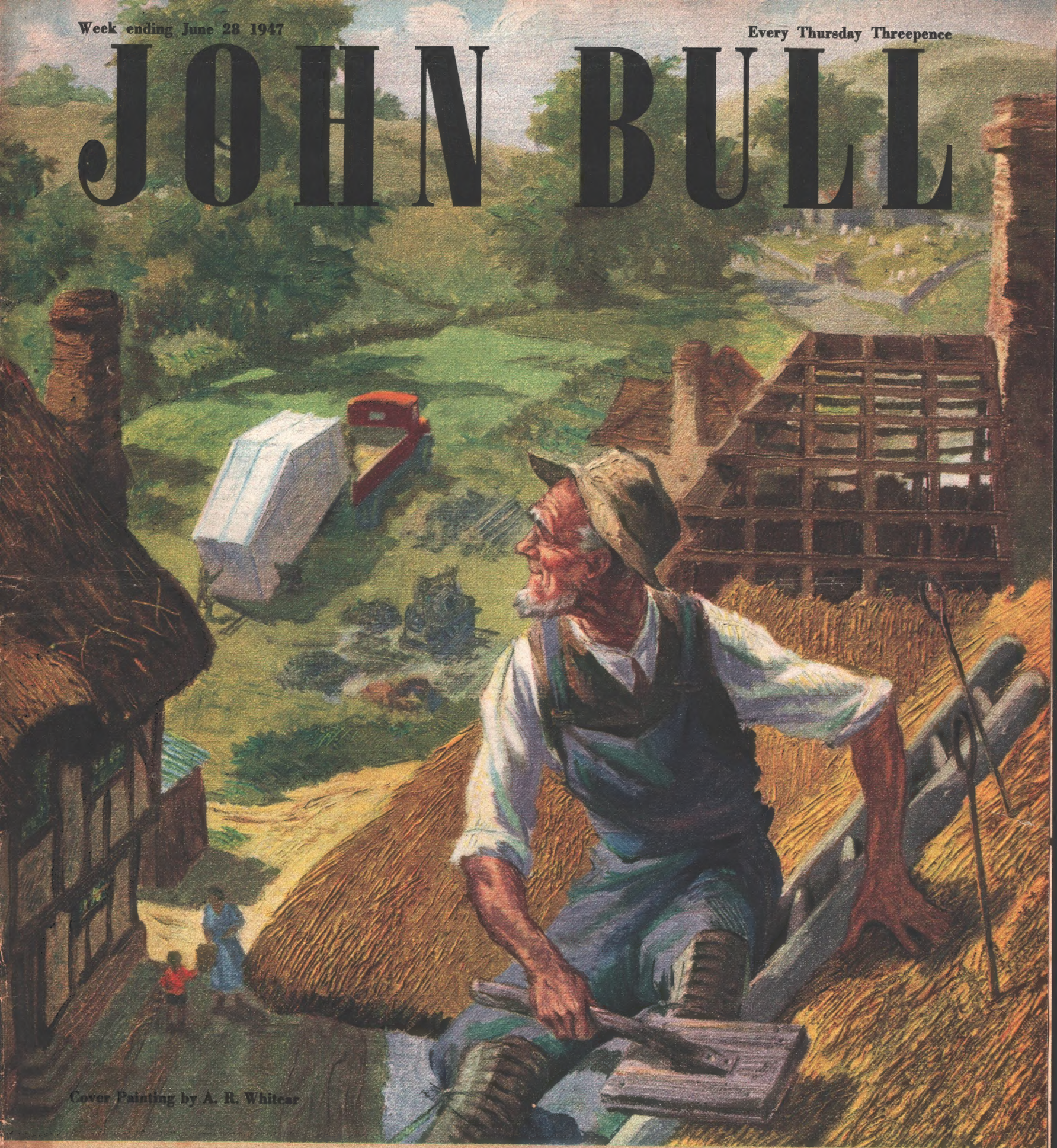
Week ending June 28 1947

Every Thursday Threepence

JOHN BULL



Cover Painting by A. R. Whitear

EUROPE'S SHAME—the Brotherhood of the Black Market

SEE PAGE 11

Three from eleven . . .

. . . leaves GAPS

A nation at work is a team. Team work doesn't get done if three people are sharing out a job that one can do, while one man is trying to do another job that needs three. That's our problem now. There are gaps in our production line and it's the urgent jobs that are under-manned.

We need 40,000 more farm workers
We need 40,000 more miners
We need 75,000 more textile workers

Every gap means a shortage of something.

WE WORK OR WANT

Issued by His Majesty's Government.

Head Pains

For quick relief try Phensic

Headaches are common enough—in all conscience. But Phensic will relieve the great majority of headaches, including even such severe pains as migraine. Phensic will not harm the heart or upset the digestion, neither will it set up a craving for repeated doses. Get a supply of Phensic now! 3½d., 1/4 and 3/3 inc. Purchase Tax.

Phensic

The grand tonic pain-relieving tablet!

GREAT EXPECTATIONS : ODD MAN OUT : PICCADILLY INCIDENT : BL… SPIRIT : I KNOW WHERE I'M GOING : THE OVERLANDERS : THE SEVENTH V… VAY T HATTER'S CASTLE : THE RAKE'S PROGRESS : IN WHICH WE SERV… IVE H CAESAR AND CLEOPATRA : WATERLOO ROAD : THE WICKED… FOR S A MATTER OF LIFE AND DEATH : HENRY V : I SEE A DARK… IN GR BRIEF ENCOUNTER : PAINTED BOATS : GREEN FOR DA… IMAN THE WAY AHEAD : TARGET FOR TONIGHT : DESER… GLO FIRST OF THE FEW : NEXT OF KIN : ONE OF OU… YOU THE MAN IN GREY : THE LAMP STILL BUR… ONS : ROME EXPRESS : A MATTER OF LIFE AND… PRIV THE SCARLET PIMPERNEL : CONVOY : TH… FROA THE FOUR FEATHERS : BEWARE OF PITY… RAIN 49TH PARALLEL : THE FOREMAN WENT… N : D DEAD OF NIGHT : BLACK NARCISSUS : H… N : T THE 39 STEPS : I WAS A SPY : GREAT EXPE… E WA GREEN FOR DANGER : CARAVAN : JOHNN… TARG DESERT VICTORY : THERE'S THE GLOR… ON THE YOUNG MR. PITT : THE MAN IN GRE… NA O THE SCARLET PIMPERNEL : DEAD OF NI… CRY : HENRY V : PAINTED BOATS : THE RAKE'S… N FO THE CAPTIVE HEART : THE OVERLANDE… O TH A MATTER OF LIFE AND DEATH : PAINT… R SEC CARAVAN : JOHNNY FRENCHMAN : THE… N FO NEXT OF KIN : ONE OF OUR AIRCRAFT… T : DE ROME EXPRESS : THE PRIVATE LIFE OF HENRY V… HE M THE FOUR FEATHERS : BEW… : THE THIEF… EL : T DEAD… E AND CRY : THE… TRAIN I KN… : PICCADILLY INCID… WN : I …RS : THE MAN IN GREY : T… OY : T …: THE FOREMAN WENT TO FRANCE … HIEF O …A MATTER OF LIFE AND DEATH : I W …OATS : BRIEF ENCOUNTER : GREEN FO …: NEXT OF KIN : ONE OF OUR AIRCRA… …: CONVOY : THE GHOST GOES WEST : I …PICCADILLY INCIDENT : BLITHE SPIRIT …NDERS : THE SEVENTH VEIL : THE WAY T …ESS : IN WHICH WE SERVE : THE CAPTIVE H …ROAD : THE WICKED LADY : SCHOOL FOR S

GOOD -it's a BRITISH Picture!

YES, BUT BRITISH PICTURES CAN ONLY CONTINUE TO MAKE A GOOD SHOW IF THE NEW QUOTA ACT GIVES THEM A FAIR SHOW.

British Film Producers Association CVS-18

From the Largest Cyder Apple Orchards in the World

WHITEWAY'S CYDER

THE HEALTH EXPRESS FROM DEVONSHIRE

16 PER SCREW QT FLAGON Bottle Extra

MEDIUM—SWEET OR DRY

Down in the heart of 'Glorious Devon' — in the path-way of the sun — the Whiteways have been growing apples and making cyder for over 300 years.

CVS-94

CLEAN until . . .

Contaminated by the common house fly—this pest carries filth and germs wherever it goes. Your health is important this year: help to protect it by fighting the fly and **all insect pests** with **Rentokil**. The wonder liquid insecticide.

Prices 1/6, 3/- and 5/- per bottle, from all stores.

The Fly Carries Disease

RENTOKILIT

Manufactured by Rentokil Ltd., 168-170 Stockwell Road, London, S.W.9

Buy **CAPENSIS** *—and SAVE Money*

RENT YOUR RADIO

Deliveries of our new 1947 models now increasing!

Get your Priority Certificate at our nearest Branch ★

Maintenance and Service **FREE!**
All Valves replaced **FREE!**
A Small Rental Covers **EVERYTHING!**

2/6 per week—reducing after 6 months,
other models occasionally available 1/9 to 4/6 per week.

RADIO RENTALS LTD

92 Regent Street, London, W.1. 85 Branches throughout the country.
★ See Telephone Directory for your local Branch.

"NO INDIGESTION or TIREDNESS!"

Indigestion often comes from a nervous system starved of Vitamin B. There is only one way to remedy it. Increase the Vitamin B content of your food.

The simplest way is to take two tablets of Phillips Tonic Yeast with your meals. It is simply *pure LIVE Yeast* in palatable form. And live Yeast is the **richest natural source of all the B vitamins.** You will be amazed at the result. You will sleep better, digest your food better, tire less quickly, feel better in every way. But be sure you ask for Phillips Tonic Yeast—the *real live* Vitamin Yeast.

Phillips TONIC YEAST

All Chemists
50 Tablets 1/3
150 " 3/-

BLONDES! STAY BLONDE WITH STA-BLOND

★ **Brings back to darkened blonde hair the rich, golden beauty of childhood.**
★ **Prevents light hair from darkening with age.**

—and here's more good news for you BLONDES! Sta-blond, good as it was, has now been even **improved by 2 wonderful new cosmetic discoveries LANÆL & CALOPHOL.**

LANÆL ends the "dry scalp" which comes largely from the use of some hair preparations. It **puts back into the hair roots an oil comparable with the natural oil in the human scalp,** stimulating healthy growth, thickness and beauty—makes your hair easy to manage.

CALOPHOL cleans and removes dulling film from each strand of hair. Leaves it lustrous and lovely.

Get Sta-blond today. It does what its name says—**you do stay blonde with Sta-blond.**

THE BLONDES OWN SHAMPOO — *Contains no dyes or injurious bleaches*

NICE LEGS . . . PRETTY EYES . . . A CHARMING VOICE . . .

but it took Wex to give her

WEX-appeal

Face and figure may be perfect! Yet the girl with only average looks may outshine all others by that vital, irresistible "something." It's more than outward beauty. The secret is *vivacity*—natural, exciting, springing from sheer good health! A sparkling morning drink gives you Wex-appeal all day *and* all the evening.

WEX GRAPE SALINE

from all chemists, 2/- and 3/4, inc. tax

417-4

BUT ETHEL THIS WAY YOU CLEAN RIGHT INTO THE S-BEND

No brush can reach the S-bend, the pipe at the back of the lavatory. But Harpic is specially made for lavatory cleansing. It cleans and disinfects the whole pan. It sweeps round the S-bend at the back—kills germs, leaves the whole pan clean and sweet.

Harpic is still not plentiful, but we are doing our best to meet your requirements.

Harpic sweeps right round the S-bend where no brush can reach—leaves the whole bowl clean and sanitary

HARPIC

Specially made for the lavatory

Harpic Mfg. Co. Ltd., Hull and London

"What, no Units?.. we rather care for that"

GREAT OFFER OF UNIT FREE 3-PIECE SUITES

Fully-upholstered on steel frames in charming designs. Also polished tubular frame suites beautifully finished in leather cloth. **Easy terms available.**

JAYS FURNISHING STORES

For list of Unit & Non-unit Furniture, etc., POST THIS COUPON. Propts. Gosford Furnishing Co. Ltd.

TO: JAYS FURNISHING STORES, 248-250 TOTTENHAM COURT RD., W.1

● Please send your temporary post-war Catalogue ● Please ask your Home Service expert to call (without obligation)

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MIRRO IS

Colossal

Colossally efficient—removes every trace of grease from your sink in 10 seconds. Mirro makes sinks shine . . . pans gleam . . . faster . . . cleaner . . . because it is specially blended to dissolve dirty grease. And remember — Mirro can't scratch.

GIANT CANISTER 9D

Kills grease in 10 seconds

"You deserve a Whitbread!"

WHITBREAD'S Superb PALE ALE

Jottings from a Housewife's Diary

"Shopping would be such a trial but for Jean's willing help and my Co-operative Society's excellent service. Our choice is for C.W.S. products every time—for better quality, service, and dividends. It's common-sense really, the C.W.S. manufactures solely for Co-operative Societies, who also participate in C.W.S. profits."

Issued by the

CO-OPERATIVE WHOLESALE SOCIETY LTD.

GN 1824 B

Two weeks to go and, "pointless," she Just fought her way to

Victory-V

GUMS & LOZENGES

2 OZS. 6D NO POINTS

EDX3G

If your radio set has been letting you down . . .

"HAVE-A-GO" *with*

Exide AND Dryder

H.T. BATTERIES

L.T. ACCUMULATORS

PRODUCTS OF THE CHLORIDE ELECTRICAL STORAGE CO. LTD.

Accurist No. 21 in Bronsteel £8.8.0

PRECISION WITH ELEGANCE

Accurist WATCHES

5 Years' Written Guarantee

Limited quantities of this and other Accurist models are available. Write for catalogue showing the full range of Accurist watches in Gold and Bronsteel at prices from 8 guineas to £30.

LAWRENCE SEDER & CO. LTD., Dept. JB10, 92 REGENT ST., LONDON, W.1

The PIFCO ALL-PURPOSE TABLE LAMP

Ask your local dealer to show you one of these remarkable lamps, and to put your name on his waiting list.

CORNEL WILDE · MAUREEN O'HARA

20 CENTURY-FOX

THERE IS NO THRILL LIKE THE THRILL OF

THE HOMESTRETCH

in Technicolor

with GLENN LANGAN HELEN WALKER

ODEON LEICESTER SQUARE

Directed by BRUCE HUMBERSTONE Produced by ROBERT BASSLER

You're "dressed" in a Burlacade

"Burlacade"—the distinguishing mark of tailored coats and suits superbly styled. Obtainable from the leading fashion shops and stores at prices from 5½ gns. to 9 gns.

Fashioned and produced by Jackson Bros. (Mantles) Ltd., 2 New Burlington Street, W.1

It's all "my eye" Mr. Barratt!

I don't care what anyone says, Mr. Barratt—it's no good keeping your eye on the ball, if you can't keep your mind off your feet. My game used to go all to pieces by the time I'd reached the ninth. But not now! Not in these shoes. Barratts fitted me to a tee!

Walk the **Barratt** way

Barratts, Northampton—and branches all over the country

"Fine in the Rain"

Supplies of Swallows at our stockists are more scarce than we had anticipated a few months ago, but none the less a Swallow is well worth searching for, and, where it is possible, you should be satisfied with nothing less.

SWALLOW RAINCOATS LTD BIRMINGHAM 19

1 Choke-shrink . . . Jim doesn't know whether to choke or crash! His shirt fitted when new, but now it has shrunk noose-tight!

2 Hope-shrink . . . George isn't hot under the collar! He bought his shirt oversize to allow for shrinkage, and he's hoping to shrink it to fit.

3 Won't-shrink . . . Buy your shirts, overalls, pyjamas the right size . . . if the label says "Sanforized" they won't shrink out of fit.

•SANFORIZED• REGD. TD. MK.

JOHN BULL

186 HIGH HOLBORN LONDON W.C.1

Phone: TEMPLE BAR 2468 Grams: Heroically, Westcent, London

JUNE 28, 1947 VOL. 81 NO. 2139

Stop this Scandal

THE SCANDAL OF WASTED FISH must be stopped.

If the much-criticized Herring Industry Board cannot stop it, then Mr. Tom Williams, the Minister of Agriculture and Fisheries, and Mr. John Strachey, the Minister of Food, will have to get busy.

On one day recently Mr. Strachey told us that plenty of fish was now being caught and that considerable quantities would be turned into margarine.

Then came the Herring Board's statement that 200 tons of herrings—a million fish—had been dumped back into the sea because the fishermen of Fraserburgh refused to sell it for 30s. a cran. They thought they ought to get at least 55s. a cran. Moreover, they stopped fishing altogether in protest!

Yet the world in general, and this country in particular, is short of food, and especially of the oils and proteins in which herrings are so rich.

Are we all crazy? Have we learned nothing from the hardships either of war or of peace?

It cannot be beyond the wit of fishermen, business men and administrators to fix fair, agreed prices for foodstuffs.

It cannot, in any circumstances, be right to destroy food because of a quarrel over its price.

A farmer would rightly be called to account if he destroyed a crop of wheat because he wanted more money for it. Why, then, should trawlermen be allowed to destroy their catches?

If they have a well-founded grievance, it should be investigated and put right. But the Government must stop the suicidal madness of dumping fish back into the sea.

Phoney Democracy

FRANCO HAS RIGGED HIMSELF a referendum.

At the end of next week, those of the Spanish people who have not distinguished themselves by opposing the Fascist regime will be herded to so-called polling booths to sign a blank cheque for the dictator.

This blank cheque can be filled in at Franco's leisure. It will bear the name of his successor, who must undertake to maintain Spain as Europe's museum-piece of Hitlerism.

Alas, unlike other museums, the Spanish one contains living specimens — hungry, suffering human beings who, alone among Europeans, were not liberated in 1945.

In Spain today there are two nations, the conquered working class and the military gangsters who won the civil war with the aid of Germany and Italy.

But Franco has not wasted his time while the rest of the world was fighting the war; and is still busy taking advantage of post-war chaos. His ceaseless and well-organized propaganda has had its effect. Discouragement and the squabbles of the exiled Republican Government have weakened his enemies.

Don Juan's Monarchist appeal is a limited one. And Franco has naturally capitalized foreign dislike of his rule by telling the Spaniards that other nations are trying to interfere with Spain's right to decide her own destiny—always a popular cry, however unjustified.

Today there is, in fact, no practicable alternative to Franco's Government with the slightest chance of getting into power.

That is the sorry reality which we have to face. But the disgust which democrats everywhere feel whenever they hear the name of Franco is intensified by the nauseating pretence of democracy implied in this referendum.

For an open Fascist, one can feel clean hatred. For a Fascist who tricks out his tyranny in phoney democratic finery, one can feel only a bottomless contempt.

Why the Secrecy?

THE GOVERNMENT PERSISTENTLY refuses to disclose the salaries and expenses paid to executives of the nationalized industries. Its excuse is that the nationalized industries are not branches of the Civil Service but commercial undertakings.

Nevertheless, non-disclosure of salaries paid by industries belonging to the public is undemocratic and a perpetuation of the past faults of the private enterprise system.

With the exception of the war years, all Civil Service salaries have always been published. The Government thinks that a line must be drawn when it comes to the nationalized industries. But why?

The Post Office is just as much a business as the National Coal Board. If the salaries of N.C.B. executives are to be kept secret, then, logically, so should those of P.O. officials.

The Government standpoint is still further weakened by the fact that, in addition to salaries, the National Boards are paying many employees expense allowances—tax-exempt privileges denied to Post Office employees and civil servants.

Full disclosure of the salaries would also kill the growing number of accusations of nepotism and jobbery in the appointment of National Board executives.

If public confidence in the integrity of the National Boards is to be maintained, the Government must change its ideas. It is not enough to reveal only the salaries of the top few, the members of the Boards. We want the full facts—and figures.

Sporting Doldrums

IT HAS HAPPENED BEFORE. Young people may not remember, but older ones do, how Britain lost all her international sporting contests after the first World War.

The Australians beat us at cricket, the Americans and French at boxing. Everyone beat us at tennis and golf. New Zealand beat us at rugby football. Our athletes, in fact, were thrashed in all fields of sports, and pessimists said we were decadent, finished, all washed up.

Well, the years went by and the British began to win again. In many sports we climbed back on top, and we did it without sacrificing our traditional sporting spirit to the foreign way of looking at games as a grim, highly specialized form of business.

Today we are going through the same sporting doldrums. Even our horses get beaten, let alone our athletes.

Don't worry, though, we shall make our usual come-back.

There was nothing wrong with British brains, muscles and nerves in the war. A foreigner who, judging by our present form, thinks we are finished in sport is in for some shocks in the next ten years.

Talented Sculptress

Miss JESSICA STONOR, sculptress, has exhibited her work successfully in London and in New York. This brunette with green eyes is as striking in appearance as any of the heads she models. Tall and slim, she has a wonderful creamy skin that is velvet-smooth. "Pond's Creams keep my skin clear and soft," says Miss Stonor. "I use Pond's Cold Cream for cleansing, and Pond's Vanishing Cream as a powder base."

Pond's Creams

---

ah! oh!

SOLO *REAL* ORANGE JUICE

You'll see it again soon!

Now! Ask for **SOLO** **BITTER ORANGE MARMALADE**

LIMITED SUPPLIES AVAILABLE

BACK THEY COME ONE BY ONE

In this happy marriage month of June there are good things for Brides—and for Bridegrooms, too—because the '57 Varieties,' with their freshness, goodness and appetising flavour are coming back—one by one.

HEINZ 57 VARIETIES

ALREADY ABOUT : Baked Beans, Spaghetti, Soups, Salad Cream, Vinegar, Sandwich Spread, and Pickles.

GOR-RAY Registered

skirts one better!

Gor-ray Ltd 107 New Bond St W 1

"Ah! YOU got Persil last week!"

Those tender, coaxing Persil suds make your white things *sparkling* white. Even obstinate *stains*—coffee, cocoa, tea, fruit-juice—simply vanish from sight in only one boil, under Persil's gentle persuasion. Many's the housewife who blesses the day she first learned about Persil-washing. Precious Persil!

PERSIL WASHES WHITER

PER 1105-621-65

THE OLDER FOLKS enjoy good biscuits, and their favourites are Weston's. Crisp and delicious, Weston's biscuits are made in model factories from the finest ingredients obtainable.

Weston's BISCUITS

---

making the real

AERTEX

is a complicated job—more complicated indeed than the present Board of Trade restrictions will allow. That's why it's still difficult to buy the real Aertex—warm in winter, cool in summer. Later when we are back to normal we shall produce your favourite garments in sufficient quantities and varieties to meet your demands.

CELLULAR CLOTHING CO LTD LONDON W1

P3

"It's a treat to make such lovely puddings again!"

You'll find Carnation Milk wonderful for pudding making and for all milk uses . . . Remember, it is pure fresh cows' milk from which part of the water has been removed by evaporation. Therefore, you simply add water to make rich creamy milk.

Well groomed . . . serenely poised . . .

BUT SHE CAN'T BE BEAUTIFUL WITHOUT BEAUTIFUL HAIR

FASHION goes north of the Tweed for the tartan trimmings on this modish felt from Gertrude Harris of Bond Street. You can see that glamorous Icilma-washed hair is essential these days when silky, gleaming tresses show to such advantage 'neath demure bonnets and halos. You'll love Icilma—it lathers richly, rinses out easily, leaving your hair shining with health and vitality because it cleanses the scalp as well.

Keep your hair Icilma-lovely with **Icilma SHAMPOO**

If you haven't time or hot water for a wet shampoo, use the Icilma Hair Powder *with Special Rinse—price 4d*

ICS 122-943

ICILMA CO. LTD., LOUGHTON, MIDDLESEX

FLAG SAUCE

—of course!

ACHILLE SERRE

Quality Cleaning and Dyeing plus D.D.T. Mothproofing plus...

RETEX

Retex gives a new and lasting lustre to silks and satins, and firmness and resilience to woollens.

BRANCHES AND AGENTS IN PRINCIPAL CENTRES

K16

NEW nicest-ever flavour—children and grown-ups love it! Smart NEW coloured cases in red, blue or green—a different colour for each of you! NEW bigger cases, **9d** each incl. tax

They'll clean their teeth if you give them GIBBS

GD 266-621

Beauty

IS NOT LOOKS ALONE

WHAT IS BEAUTY? Perfection of features and a flawless complexion alone? No—behind true beauty lies a serenity of mind, an assurance, a *confidence in oneself* which is mirrored in everything a woman does—and at all times. Tampax *gives* her that confidence. Tampax brings the knowledge of *freedom*, no matter the date, for Tampax is worn internally: is invisible, safer, more hygienic. No restrictions mean perfect peace of mind.

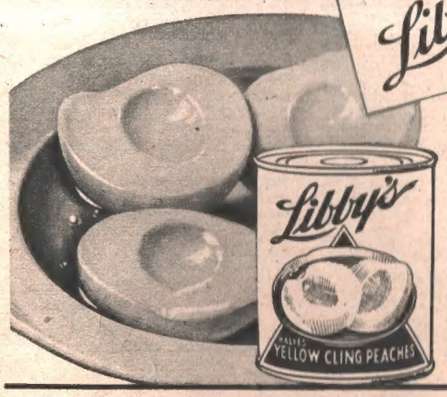
TAMPAX

Internal Sanitary Protection

Tampax Ltd., Belvue Road, Northolt, Middlesex.

FOR CANNED PEACHES . . . LOOK TO

Libby's



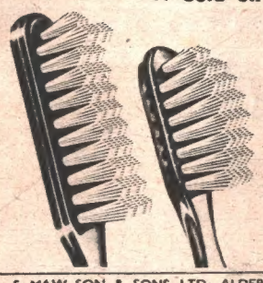
FOR PERFECTION

Libby's famous blue and white label is your guarantee of the finest Peaches, Pears, Fruit Salad, Pineapple (slices and chunks), Apricots, Fruit Juices, Fruit Cocktail, Red Salmon, Evaporated Milk, Corned Beef, Homogenized Vegetables for Babies.

LIBBY, McNEILL & LIBBY LTD., Forum House, London, E.C.3.

meritor REGD.

★ **Sold on Merit alone**



MERITOR FAMED SPECIALITIES *include:*

- MERITOR TOILET BRUSHWARE
- MERITOR PLASTIC EYEBATHS
- MERITOR D.D.T. ANTIMOTH
- MERITOR FOOD FLAVOURINGS
- MERITOR ANTISEPTIC
- MERITOR OINTMENTS & MEDICINAL PREPARATIONS

● *Know them by their smart packaging at y-o-u-r chemist.*

S. MAW, SON & SONS, LTD., ALDERSGATE HOUSE, NEW BARNET, HERTS.

Meals start right *with*

NEWFORGE FINE SOUPS

7d. and 9½d. per tin

Tasty, nourishing Newforge vegetable soups — what a brilliant start to any meal. Prepared from hand-picked vegetables cooked to the minute in delicious stock — these soups are perfection itself. Remember also to ask your grocer for Newforge Ulster Broth and Newforge canned meats and other NEWFORGE FINE FOODS. He may have some.

NEWFORGE LIMITED · BELFAST · ULSTER

Happy healthy children are a joy to their parents and an indication of sound diet. Milk—nature's most nearly perfect food—becomes a favourite with youngsters when served as delicious creamy fruit flavoured 'Dairy' Brand Junket. Made in a jiffy, it aids the breakdown of food materials into more easily digestible forms. Inexpensive—a 9d. tube makes 6 pints, in a variety of six fruit flavours. Points free. Manufactured by Fullwood & Bland Ltd. Established 1785.

'DAIRY' BRAND JUNKET POWDER

Recipe leaflets from Sole Distributors G. Havinden Ltd., 71, Baker Street, W.1

"Walters'

"Calm" REGD TOFFEE

PERFECTION OF CONFECTIONS

"Whatever has come over me?"

"I'LL GO out for a bit," says the much-tried husband. "Perhaps when I come back you'll be in a better temper." And the irritable, out-of-sorts wife is left saying to herself, "Whatever has come over me? It's these dreadful headaches that I never used to have before."

Many cases of headaches are due to constipation. Many cases of constipation are due to a deficiency in diet. Our meals often contain too little *bulk*. This prevents our bodies doing their job efficiently. Add Kellogg's All-Bran to your diet and give the body the *bulk* it needs. Serve delicious Kellogg's All-Bran with milk, fruit, or sprinkled over soup. You will correct your constipation and feel really fit again.

Kellogg's ALL-BRAN

On points, 7½d. a packet

"No other shampoo leaves your hair so glamorous yet so easy to manage"

agrees *Anne Crawford*

Like the stars of Stage and Screen you, too, will find Drene Shampoo makes your hair look more glamorous than ever before. Drene also leaves your hair easy to set right after the shampoo and removes all unsightly dandruff. Buy the larger sizes and save money. Ask your chemist or hairdresser.

drene

The Shampoo of the Stars

ANNE CRAWFORD, *starring in "The Crowthers of Bankdam"*

Bird Hints

BUDGIES have NO TEETH

BUDGERIGARS have no teeth and therefore require grit, in quite considerable quantities, in order to digest their food. Caperns Budgerigar Grit should therefore be given regularly. Budgerigars enjoy green food such as watercress, lettuce, dandelion leaf and chickweed. These should always be given in a fresh, dry condition. Make sure that food is perfectly clean, and, for safety, give CAPERNS BUDGERIGAR SEED.

Caperns

BIRD SEEDS AND FOODS

in packets Sealed against dust

11310 C

Because VIM is the speediest cleaner

V 165-943

Selling Agents: Hudson & Knight Limited

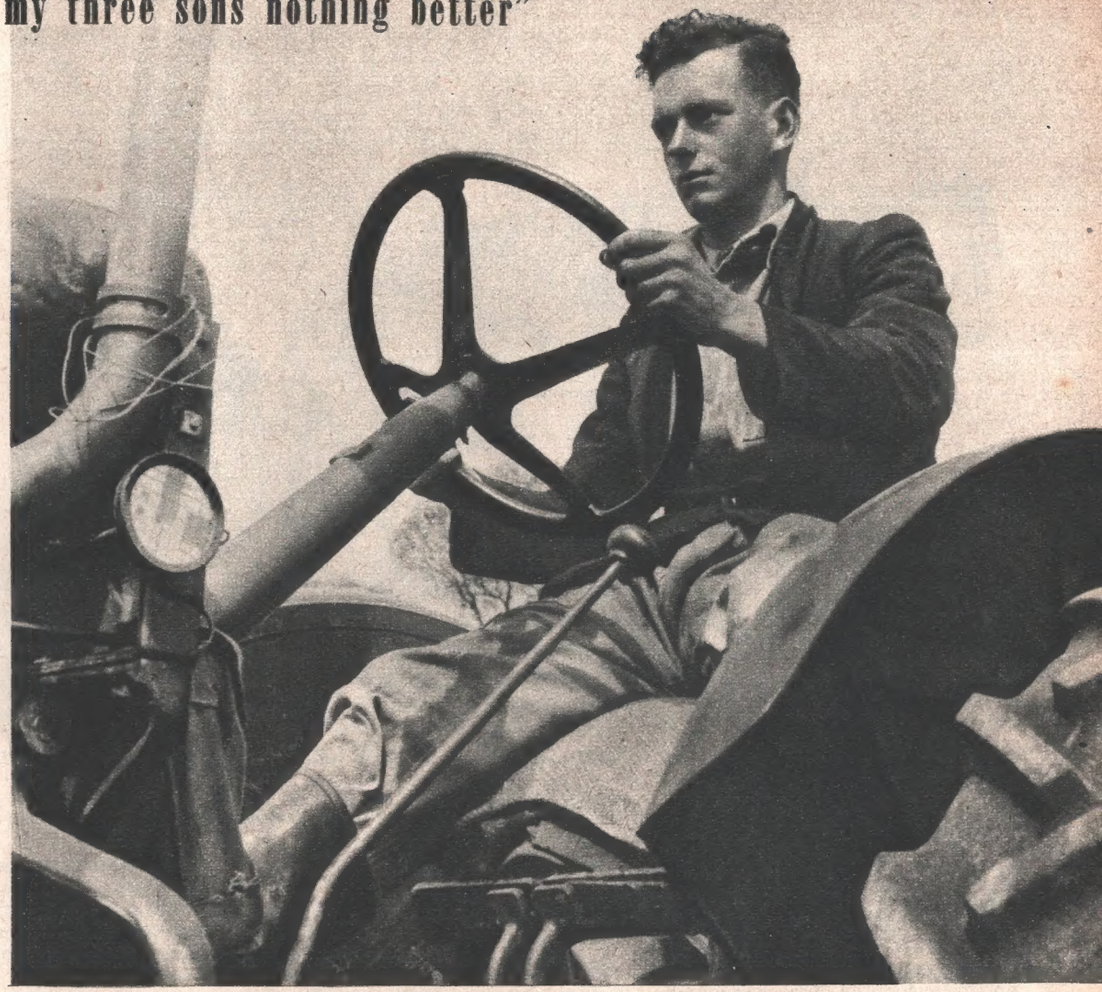
"A spell on a farm? I could wish my three sons nothing better"

Let's enrol a MEN'S LAND ARMY

by JOHN MAY

THE LANDGIRLS are going back to the cities, the p.o.w.s are being sent back home. . . . At a time when he's being asked to produce more food, the farmer is losing his helpers.

Isn't the answer a *Men's* Land Army? Many green-fingered boys would jump at the chance of a farm job between leaving school and their conscription into the Forces three years later.



"To be a farmer's boy." Dennis Perry's realizing that ambition—and helping the food drive, too

HIS FATHER drives a country bus. That's a vital enough job—in a way. But Dennis Perry himself has what I think is an even more important one—on a farm.

I first met Dennis when he and his class mates came out potato picking. His school had a special harvest holiday for the job. He was a slim boy, not particularly strong, but mad keen on tractors. After school, he spent hours riding with me up and down the fields.

Now he is eighteen and for two years has been driving a tractor himself. The right age for the job. Farm work is broadening his shoulders, filling him out, making him tall and tough.

My friend the farmer sees in Dennis a good worker at the age when, unfortunately, such young men are apt to disappear into the Army. To me young Perry is a clue to solving Britain's biggest food problem today: the labour shortage on the land.

As I write this article, German prisoners are in the fields getting ready our next year's sugar. Some with hoes are "chopping out" excess sugar beet seedlings, to give the rest room to grow. Other "Jerries" crawl along the rows on their knees, hand-singling the plants.

We citizens of democratic Britain have forgotten the ideals of our forefathers of a hundred years ago. Buxton and Wilberforce then fought passionately against the slave trade. Today, with hardly a twinge of conscience, we have slipped easily into using foreign "slave labour" on the land.

Grudgingly, we let a trickle go back to their native country. But the loss is so irksome that the Government suggests hopefully that a few Jerries might like to stay on, with near-citizen status.

Where, *where* is our pride? Are we so weak in the arm that we cannot even till our own land? So weak in the head that we cannot organize ourselves to grow vital food without ex-enemy aid?

We had to wring the last drop of nutriment from the land during the war years. Agriculture switched to a do-or-die system, relying on a reservoir of extra labour for peak seasons. Soldiers, schoolboys and holidaymakers helped.

Now the labour pool is leaking away. The 140,000 German prisoners must be freed. The Italians have gone.

Importing a few workers from Europe will be like a cupful in a farmyard pond. Yet it is now more important than ever for British farms to grow every ounce of food possible.

No Room at the Inn

How many extra regular workers are wanted depends on how intensively we farm. And on whether *all* the fields are cultivated. Some experts say 30,000 more men would do the job. Some shout for 100,000, which lines up more with the p.o.w. figure.

Where are they to come from in a country so short of manpower? And where are they going to live? Country cottages are falling down as fast as new ones are built. No room at the inn, nor anywhere else in the village.

The district officer of our local agricultural committee has just got married. If anyone should be able to find a home, you'd think, surely *he* could, knowing all the farmers for miles around. Well, he and his wife started married life in a cottage let to them for six weeks only. After that it's "Hope Villa" for them.

About this time last year the Women's Land Army called off its recruiting campaign. Why? Simply because landladies would not provide reasonably priced billets for land girls. They preferred to let their rooms to holidaymakers at several guineas a week.

Now the Women's Land Army strength stands at 25,000. Many of the girls who, statistically, have been counted out, have actually stayed down on the farm—by marrying the farmer's son. The present drive for recruits brought in more than 1,300 in one of the first months.

From some districts especially—Warwickshire, Staffordshire, London and Middlesex, Durham and Glamorgan, Yorkshire and Lancashire—girls who had grown tired of the indoor routine of shop, factory or office came in hundreds to help grow Britain's food.

But the girls cannot save the situation on their own. Why should not the boys help, then? Why is there a Women's Land Army, *but no Men's Land Army*? Are we slipping into the customs of the East, where the woman carries the burden and the man rides the donkey?

Right back in the classroom is where the trouble begins. The training is aimed mainly at clerical work. Perhaps this is the reason for the bindweed of bureaucracy that creeps over Britain. Farmwork is frowned upon by pedagogues, who forget that life springs from the good earth—not only out of a book.

Boys especially are expected to aim at a career with a white collar to it. Girls do not matter so much; they will marry. That is the "emasculated" trend of thought!

Yet how schoolboys love sweating in the sun! One wartime harvest, half a dozen boys from a school camp came and helped us with the corn harvest. Apart from one little pest (we were

Boys learn to plough at a Derbyshire farm. We should make it easier for youngsters to go on the land

delighted to see him fall harmlessly on his head off a load of sheaves) they were champion workers.

Unfortunately, none of the teachers was willing to run the camp for the next year. But one week-end in early summer four boys came thirty miles on bikes to book in advance for holiday jobs.

This isn't an isolated example.

A successful Cotswold farmer, George Henderson, prefers to employ three boy pupils. They are his only workers. They take a share of the profit. In his agricultural "classic," *The Farming Ladder*, Henderson says: "Our pupils can earn sufficient in a few years to take a farm of their own."

Farmers like boys, boys like farming. Why can't they get together?

When I write about agriculture in JOHN BULL, young men in office and factory jobs send me letters asking how they can get work on farms. They say they have often answered dozens of agricultural "Sits. Vac." advertisements without receiving any answer.

I have to tell them that, as they are evidently entirely ignorant of farm work, no employer will risk taking them on.

It is easy for a town girl to enter farm life with the introduction given by the Women's Land Army. But there is no way in for a town boy, unless he has relations or finds friends in the country.

If his parents are wealthy they can pay a premium and make him a farm pupil—a method full of expensive snags. Or he can stay out.

A Career That Matters

My contention is that our young men, town or country, should be allowed to make a career in the industry that supplies Britain's number one need—food. At present, in some senses, farming is more than merely a "closed shop." It has the shutters up, tightly barred.

Let's see what could be done.

Country boys could have a schooling to fit them for a fuller life in the rural community. Now, all they get is a poor edition of town teaching.

Town boys who wished to could be given a chance of switching to a farm school. Honest teachers might even reveal that everyone in the country is a personality in his own right, but that the town worker too easily becomes a mere number—a nameless cog in a mass-production machine.

A schoolmaster, Peter Debenham, recently outlined a detailed farm education plan in a weekly farming journal:

"The farm school would form part of a working farm, and the children would devote an increasing amount of time to actual farm work . . . soil tillage, animal husbandry, fruit growing, machine maintenance, farm accounts, dairy work, poultry keeping and so on.

"Management of each school should be in the hands of a joint committee representing the County Agricultural Executive Committee, the County Education Committee, and the local parents." This would ensure that the instruction suited the type of farming in the district.

These Clubs Could Help

At the other end of the world, in rural Tasmania, an experiment like this in the so-called "Area Schools" is said to be overwhelmingly successful.

If Britain's educational authorities would formulate such a plan, our Young Farmers' Clubs could hammer the details into practical shape. There are about 2,000 of these Y.F. clubs in Britain, with 60,000 members in England alone. Through a National Federation, they are backed by the Ministries of Agriculture and Education and aided financially by several trusts.

Young Farmers' Clubs organize lectures, ploughing matches, rallies, public speaking contests, tours of farms and social events. Each is self-supporting and self-governing, with honorary officials, usually vacating office before they are twenty-five. Here is a virile set-up for helping to train, while they are still at school, a new generation of keen countrymen.

And then? Understandably, girls must wait until eighteen before they join the Women's Land Army. No need for a boy to hang about. Let him enlist in the Men's Land Army on leaving school at fifteen. Let him enjoy three years of healthy, adventurous farm work before his year of military service.

At last the land-hungry townsman would have a way to enter farming without fuss. Many older men in dull and not very useful work would welcome the chance the new "M.L.A." offered.

But fifteen to eighteen is undoubtedly the time of life when farmwork can be most fun. A job on a busy farm at that age is an education in "basic life." No amount of extra schooling or lurking in an office can compete with it as a man-maker. I could wish my own three young sons nothing better.

Some would go back to the land after conscription; others not. Either way, the experience would not be wasted. The farm-trained man finds it easy to fit into most ordinary industrial jobs. He has learned already to be a handyman, an all-rounder and a willing worker.

Today the farming ladder has several rungs missing. A lot of the gaps are at the bottom, so that would-be workers often cannot even begin their climb into agriculture. With a Men's Land Army, many eager youngsters would undoubtedly reach the top in later years—after their military service. That is the long view.

More important at the moment is that here is a means of revitalizing Britain's home food supply by an injection of keen young labour. The Women's Land Army provides a guide to the type of organization needed.

Where They Would Live

Where would the new "land boys" live? Some on or near the farms where they work. (There is always room for a good worker whose maintenance does not involve housing a family.) Others would be centred at hostels, as many land girls are now. Camp accommodation will not be lacking when the German p.o.w. "slave labour" goes home.

To forestall any protest, let me point out that this camp accommodation is good. The huts provide better shelter and amenities than those enjoyed by many farm workers living in picturesque country slums. At least the "Jerries" have running water and proper sanitation.

Mostly, the new Men's Land Army should consist of fellows like my young friend Dennis.

Dennis might easily have taken a town job when he left school. Luckily he had learned to love the land. He was fortunate enough to know a farmer who was willing to take him without any preliminary training, such as the M.L.A. would give.

A number of people pass the Perry home every morning to go to London offices. Dennis might easily have gone with them, or stood behind a counter in the town which is a few minutes' bike ride from his door. But he would not have got half so much out of it.

The pity is that there are so many youngsters like him who cannot escape from the towns into the fields. Let's open the gateway to farming for them *now*. The drift from the country to the town has too long been a one-way street.

There is a long waiting list for land girls. But is not a boy even better fitted for the work of the land?

"To be a farmer's boy. . . ."

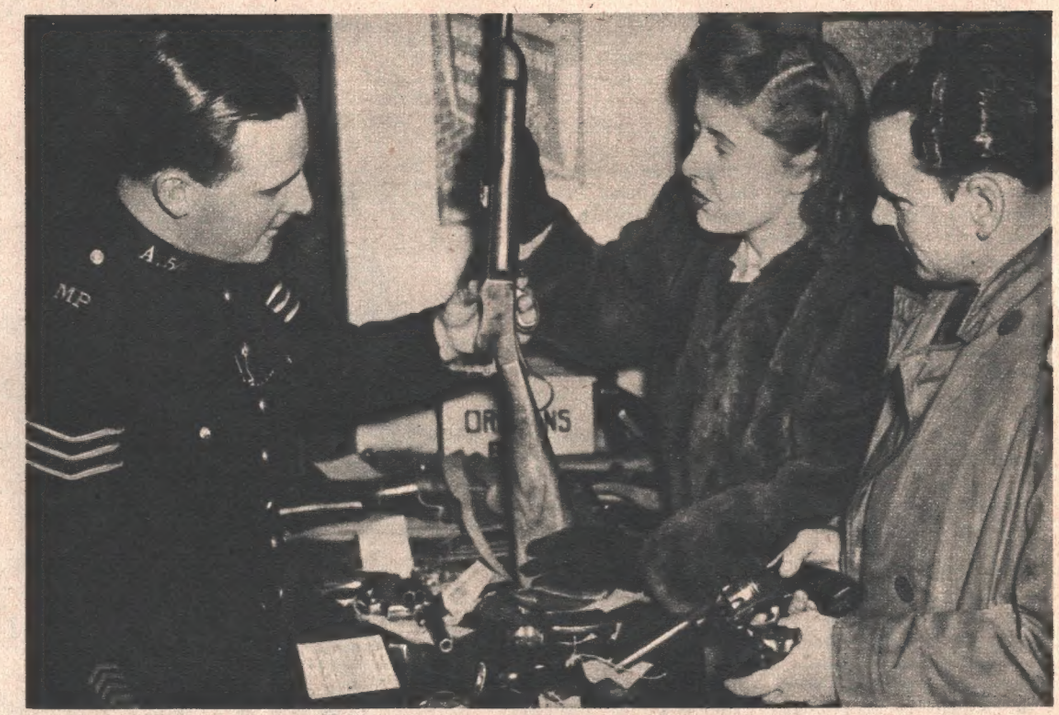
It's an ambition to make a song about—a marching song for a new peace-and-plenty army!

Many of our farmers depend on p.o.w. labour. But what's to happen when the Germans go home?

I WANTED TO BUY A GUN

by WILLIAM J. GAGE

"No licence? Nothing doing," said the salesman. Yet frequent armed hold-ups point to widespread traffic in weapons



Civilians hand in "souvenir" weapons at Cannon Row Police Station in response to the Home Secretary's appeal. Within a few weeks 76,000 small arms were surrendered

I WANTED A GUN. Not to use against anyone, but to find out how easy or difficult it is to obtain firearms officially, and how the regulations governing their sale work out in practice.

I went to a gunmaker's shop in London and asked the assistant if he could sell me a pistol.

"May I see your firearms certificate?" the assistant asked. I told him I hadn't one, and from that moment, although he did not appear to be suspicious, I knew there was going to be no sale.

While I was looking over the stock, the salesman pointed out more than once that no delivery could be made, no deposit accepted, until I obtained an official licence and produced it to him, together with proof of my identity and right to the licence.

Had I produced the licence and bought the pistol, the dealer would have had to note the full details of the transaction—my name and address, number of my licence, type of weapon and ammunition—in a book open to police inspection at any time.

Since I had no licence, I went to Scotland Yard to get one. I was told to apply in my own locality. There a little more interest began to be taken in me.

"Why do you want a gun, anyway?" asked the police sergeant.

I said there had been a number of burglaries in my district, and women had complained that a man had jumped out from behind fences and bushes to frighten them. Since my wife was being treated for a nervous complaint, I thought possession of a firearm would have a reassuring effect on her.

The sergeant listened with the air of a man who had heard this story before.

"In the old days," he said, "you *might* have been given permission, but today you won't get a revolver for a reason like that."

Close Questioning

Still, he gave me "Firearms Form 1." It required me to state whether I had possessed a firearms certificate before; the type of weapon and ammunition I needed; how much ammunition I wanted to buy, hire, borrow or accept as a gift over three years; my nationality; whether I had a permanent address; why I wanted the firearm.

An exhaustive questionnaire—but even completion of this was, I found, no guarantee that my licence was on the way. Before it could be sent to Scotland Yard, the superintendent would have to make inquiries about me and submit a report.

Finally, even though I emerged as a blameless character, it was unlikely that a licence would be given to me, since, apart from rare cases, no weapons are being issued to householders.

What sort of person, then, *is* able to buy a firearm with official permission? Had I been a night watchman in a dangerous locality, I might have received permission. Others are members of sporting and rifle clubs, cadet corps and schools at which target practice or drill goes on under qualified tuition.

So it appears that administration of the Firearms Act is being carried out most strictly. The official picture seems perfect. Yet there is an alarming increase in the number of criminals who carry weapons. Where do they get them?

To start with, there is no existing subterranean central organization for the sale of weapons to criminals. It has been suggested in certain newspapers that such an organization exists, but the police would quickly become aware of organized buying and selling of weapons on a large scale.

Latest figure of officially issued firearms certificates is 271,914. But the police know that there is a floating arsenal of illicit weapons, greatly exceeding this official total.

Chief source of supply is the mass of weapons brought back into the country by returning Servicemen as souvenirs. What they do not realize is that housebreakers today make a point of looking for firearms in addition to other loot.

In February, 1946, the Home Secretary appealed to all ex-Servicemen in possession of unauthorized weapons to hand them over to the police. He promised that no questions would be asked and no proceedings taken against anyone who voluntarily surrendered a "souvenir" weapon.

The response was startling. Within a few weeks 76,000 weapons were handed in, including 52,112 pistols, 13,000 rifles and a few machine-guns, and more than 2,000,000 rounds of ammunition. In London alone sufficient small arms practically to equip an army division were given up to the authorities.

Since then, however, it has become clear that many unlicensed weapons are still in the hands of the public. And private citizens, when giving the police a list of articles stolen from their homes, rarely include the missing (and unlicensed) pistol.

So much for what might be called the "private citizen" source of supply.

Smuggled in by Deserters

The next most important means of obtaining illicit arms is by purchasing weapons which have been smuggled into the country by deserters.

These firearms are constantly being sold in the West End of London. The average price for a pistol is about £5. Ammunition is more expensive. Between £6 and £8 is charged for fifty rounds to fit the small Biretta automatics, so easy to conceal.

One direct result of this traffic may be gathered from recent statistics. Separate figures are not available for armed crime alone, but are included under the heading of "robbery and assault with intent to rob."

Under this heading, the last available total in the Metropolitan area for 1945 reached 15,194 cases—an increase of 4,709 over the previous year.

In armed robberies during the last eighteen months, about twenty-four per cent of questioned men proved to be deserters. "Wanted" men in connection with nine crimes with violence that have occurred this year include eleven known deserters. Two of them were American and five of Polish or Canadian nationality.

Appeal to the Public

What is to be done about all this?

Quite apart from the intensification of the police drive, there is a good case for making another urgent appeal to people who may unthinkingly be retaining unauthorized weapons.

Once the ordinary citizen realizes that by keeping a "souvenir" he may become a source of supply to the market in arms, he is not likely to let sentiment stop him from surrendering the weapon. Another "amnesty" period might produce results.

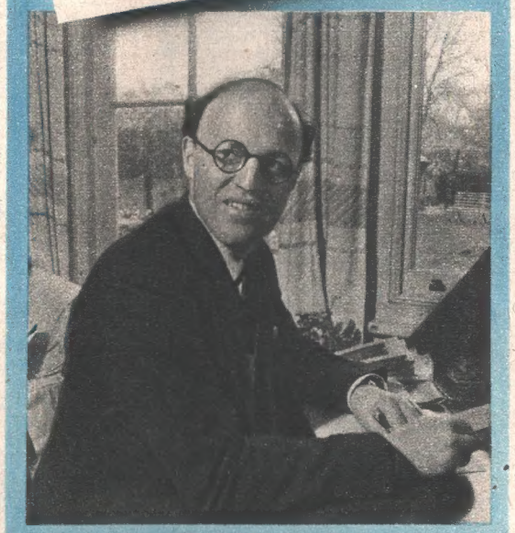
Magistrates might also be advised that nominal fines on people who, after every warning, persist in keeping these weapons are not a sufficient deterrent. A few prison sentences might help.

Whether anything more can be done to persuade deserters to give themselves up is doubtful, but it is clear that if more deserters surrender, more weapons will pass into the hands of the police.

As I have indicated, regulations governing the official issue of firearms are being pretty strictly administered these days. Yet some tightening up might take place in rural areas, where the word of a well-known applicant is still taken without question when he asks for a certificate. It is in the country houses of people like this that thieves get away with weapons left lying about.

In the meantime, it is at least reassuring to know that after all my form-filling, all my inquiries, I remain a man *still* without a gun.

Private View of Lord Pakenham



ARISTOCRAT WITH THE COMMON TOUCH

WINNING a war is like committing murder—it leaves you with a corpse on your hands. We have Germany, at least the fragment of a nation called the British Zone, peopled with 23,000,000 former enemies once arrogant in the belief of their destiny, now hungry, sick and demoralized.

To rule them, obscured from foreign understanding behind the anachronism, "Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster," is Francis Aungier, Baron Pakenham of Cowley, an Irishman, a Socialist, a Catholic.

Born of the sixth Earl of Longford, connected by marriage to half the nobility of Ireland and raised under the influence of no less distinguished an uncle than the author-poet, Lord Dunsany, Frank Pakenham was turned out in a traditional British mould. He went to Eton, fagged, fought, captained the house football team, arrived at the sixth form. He went to Oxford and had a good, expensive time.

He knew his place and had no difficulty in finding it. He identified himself with the Tory "white hopes"—Lord Dufferin, Lord Birkenhead, Aidan Crawley. He was equally intimate with their debating opponents, Evan Durbin and Hugh Gaitskell, both members of the present Government. He took a top First in Politics, Philosophy and Economics; he too became a "white hope" and a Tory.

Up to that point Pakenham's career had been satisfactory but by no means "different." He had shown a certain independence of thought and action, there had been indications of what seemed a dangerous curiosity, but no apparent motive at all for a sudden and unexpected plunge—into the way of life of the English working man.

Apart from Pakenham's liberal ideals and conservative politics, behind his decision to become an elementary schoolmaster and Workers' Educational Association lecturer at murky Stoke-on-Trent, was an underlying affinity to the people he had gone to mix with. Call it the common touch.

Other great aristocrats, intellectually and idealistically drawn to a popular cause, have shrunk from any real contact. But Pakenham loved it. At heart he's plebeian. He was born out of his class. People often are. You see them every day, trying to be something higher up, but rarely like Frank Pakenham trying to be something lower down.

What separates a man born into wealth and position from the millions who aren't so fortunate?

FIRST it is the matter of his tastes. Pakenham will drink beer with relish, wine only if it happens to be on the table. He is no connoisseur. He has no cellar. He knows nothing about vintages and can just about distinguish a port from a burgundy. At a meal he is not interested in the number of courses or the variety, provided he's given a simple, homely dish and plenty of it.

There's a coarseness in the texture of his refinement and he possesses the working man's insulation from aesthetics. It saves him from being squeamish, it makes him impervious to discomfort and brings him nearer, physically, spiritually and intellectually, to the cause he is working for. He is no more interested in the trappings of his class, the trivia, the falderols, the garnishings, the intrigues of cafe society, than he is in the Bond Street cut or Scotch mist.

So Pakenham is lucky. He has a broader canvas and a mind that automatically examines, rejects and accepts material for consideration. He works rapidly, skipping non-essentials. He is insensitive to his surroundings and hardly notices a road or a house. He has practically no sense of detail. This often leads him to think his wife is wearing something new when she isn't.

But he has a memory for people and ideas, things like phone numbers, statistics, appointments—he keeps no diary. If he happens to be unpunctual, it is because he tries to fit in too much.

Much of his success Frank Pakenham owes to the fact that he is so easily understood. Volubly Irish, witty, amusing, a teller of stories, particularly against himself, convincing, persuasive, ardent, excitable, he has gone through life the way he played rugger for his county, juggernaut-wise, crashing through to the touchline, boisterously, with earnestness and feeling.

At Stoke-on-Trent, Pakenham met another W.E.A. lecturer, a contemporary of his at Oxford—Elizabeth Harman, daughter of Bishop Harman, cousin of Neville Chamberlain, slim, pretty—and very Left.

They got engaged while he—still very Right—went on to write leaders for the *Daily Mail*, to become research worker at the Conservative Central Office and lecturer at the London School of Economics, and to devote his evenings to a boys' club in the East End. In 1931 they married and the next year settled at Oxford, where he became a Don.

THE year 1935 is significant. It was the year Frank Pakenham published *Peace by Ordeal*, 100,000 words elucidating the Anglo-Irish Treaty of 1921, between Lloyd George's Government and the Sinn Fein leaders. The same year he started referring to himself as a Socialist. There also occurred the incident which has never yet been omitted in any writing about Frank Pakenham.

Mosley was holding a Fascist meeting at the Oxford Town Hall. Pakenham went and heard Mosley heckled; saw the hecklers beaten up after the speech; waded in to their defence and took a terrible beating. Later he went home and his wife put him to bed. Next day his face was dressed again and they got quite a laugh trying to identify from the wounds the type of knuckleduster used.

All accounts of this incident have differed. This variation is from Lady Pakenham. Of course it had something to do with his joining the Labour Party. It was the last straw.

Most of Pakenham's friends are still at Oxford, and he is remembered affectionately as the "character" he developed into after thirteen years, seen so often in the Oxford traffic, weaving his way through it on his son's bicycle, high-kneed, in white tennis shoes, flannels and an old jacket, with a raincoat billowing behind.

Outside of teaching, Labour Party activities absorbed him; he got into trouble with the party heads for his stand with those who wanted active help for the Spanish Republicans. Munich; and he joined the T.A., to be boarded out medically a year after war broke out.

From that, Pakenham went to assist Beveridge produce his four famous reports. It was voluntary work, but it proved of immense value to him politically. He said at the time: "If I were not doing this I ought to be scrubbing a barrack-room floor. It's my war job."

In the General Election Pakenham, standing for Oxford City, was beaten by Quintin Hogg, but the Labour Government had their candidate created a peer. Competent spokesmen were needed in the House of Lords.

Shortly Lord Pakenham was answering a variety of questions for the Government. He was a success. Attlee promoted him to the War Office as Under-Secretary of State, where he served until taking up his present appointment.

EARLY during the war, Pakenham made a decision few had expected — he joined the Roman Catholic Church, and seven years later he converted his wife, a Low Churchwoman and long unreconcilable on account of the Spanish affair.

Now they have seven children and their home is in the process of being transported from Oxford to Streatham. The Pakenhams are happy. Their interests converge and their disinterests are complementary. She is careful, orderly, practical. He is extravagant and untidy. Another husband would have driven another wife crazy for less. Elizabeth Pakenham says after nearly seventeen years: "For me he is perfect!"

The main difficulty is keeping track of his things. Garments all have his name and address clearly inscribed because, in the course of his peregrinations, Pakenham will invariably acquire others in exchange for his own. The reason for this is that, in dressing, he is doing a purely mechanical act with his mind on other affairs, and he is apt to put on the first thing that comes to hand. To find him wearing odd socks is not unusual.

Some of his sins of omission have made his good wife blush. She claims that he has been known to come down wearing partly pyjamas, partly tails, with only half his face shaved.

There was a time when he owned articles like gloves, scarves, an umbrella, which he seemed to scatter with the carelessness of the sower in the parable. Every now and then his wife would have to go round and claim them and, visiting friends, she usually asked before leaving, "Have you got anything of Frank's I can take home?" That sort of thing can't go on for ever. Ultimately the umbrellas, scarves, gloves were lost.

To replace them would have been foolhardy. So he possesses none, except an antique bowler that was always too large to fit anybody else. It was nearly lost at the England v. Ireland rugger match when it disappeared in the crowds, until Lady Pakenham found a tiny man wearing it, quite submerged.

Whatever despair, frustration and fatigue burns out her heart in pursuit of the Pakenham wardrobe, there is one item she is confident he will never lose—his trousers. Somewhere, deep in the honeycomb of his subconscious, is a lesson he must once have learnt as a little boy and turned into a habit.

Undressing, no matter where other garments are left strewn, Lord Pakenham will fold his trousers neatly along the crease and place them under the mattress.

They're all in the racket

by WILLI FRISCHAUER

There is constant talk of the crime wave in Britain—but in many countries abroad vice, dishonesty and corruption have now become the rule rather than the exception

Police in Berlin seize two young currency offenders. . . . Black market uber allies

EIGHTEEN OUT OF THIRTY patients in a Hamburg hospital wing were on the danger list. People riddled by diseases—usually the "social" diseases—which the once-conquering heroes of the Wehrmacht had brought back from a dozen occupied countries, lay, for the most part, in pain.

The doctors, who are usually old, tired men in Germany's hospitals nowadays, were in despair. There was no aspirin to soothe headaches. No penicillin, no surgical instruments, no bandages.

Outside, black market hawkers offered brand-new sets of medical implements for sale; the illegal price of aspirin dropped, for there was a temporary abundance in the hands of the gangsters. Relatives of the sick were shamelessly blackmailed, in order to boost the price of stolen penicillin—which might save the life of some loved one.

Americans were in the racket, Dutchmen, Poles. Chief contact man was an eighteen-year-old West African negro who spoke with a North German accent.

The people's health dependent on black market contacts; the lives of sick children in the hands of penicillin thieves; relief from pain possible only after a successful transaction with the street-hawking middlemen dealing in surgical equipment—that is the position in Hamburg, in Berlin, in Cologne.

I thought of such shattering conditions in "darkest Germany" when I once more returned to Britain from a trip abroad to read reports of "spiv" and "gang" activities in the square mile of the London West End.

Children Are Vice Agents

One single square mile! Why, two days in Naples or Rome would enable the most inexperienced observer to put to shame with his discoveries the investigators who have been making their little fuss about the "white slave" traffic in Bond Street by night.

It needs the faculties of a tight-rope walker to move along the few streets which have not been placed out of bounds by the military authorities of Britain and America. There is no need to delve into the vast forbidden areas to appreciate their precautions.

Walking along the Via Roma in Naples I was accosted fourteen times within fifteen minutes. But I did not see a single prostitute. Their "agents" were there—a horde of ragged twelve-year-old baby gangsters repeating, parrot-wise, English gutter phrases of invitation.

This is no "racket" such as may bloom in the hidden corners of Soho. This is a social scandal in which hundreds, thousands of families are involved; where children are taught to sell their sisters, to steal, to cheat and to importune any wanderers through the beautiful Italian scene.

Italian officials say, shrugging their shoulders: "What can we do about it?" Occupation first by the Germans, then, as they put it, by the British, Americans and Poles, has corrupted vast sections of the Italian population. Here is moral insanity for you! These children and the sordid parents who send them out have lost all sense that they are doing wrong. They boast of "good business."

Law Leaves Loopholes

To break the law, in many countries, is no longer a social disgrace.

Yes, I know there are clubs and back-street restaurants in London where you can get a meal which breaks every single food regulation. . . . But go to Paris and you will find a solid phalanx defending every black marketeer with whom the law tries to catch up. The law, in fact, seems to provide for easy evasions. There are two menus in every restaurant—one for those who can pay, one for those who cannot. This satisfies public morality as far as it goes in France today.

You are unfortunate, you are caught, you go to prison? No harm is done to the social standing of the convicted criminal. He returns to his old activities certain of the sympathies of all

acquaintances. That, perhaps, is crucial proof of the Continent's moral decay. The law is not the friend and guardian of the majority, protection against the excesses of a minority. It's the "stupid minority" which observes the law; the majority is against it and fights it with cunning and resource.

If an idle Mayfair gentleman is caught evading currency regulations the law not only punishes him but holds him up to public contempt. In Paris and Rome newspapers quote black market rates for the convenience of the racketeer.

There's no need to "go underground" to get the maximum price. If a Frenchman or Italian obtains a few dollars or Swiss francs, he disposes of them at his own bank at the "official" black market price. For the black market *is* official.

In Greece, for more than two years, a harassed and overworked British police mission has tried to explain to Greek recruits that "corruption" is no essential make-up of a policeman, that bribes are not an honourable addition to meagre pay packets.

If I wanted to buy U.N.R.R.A. stores in Athens —jeeps, clothes, leather, building materials, iron girders—and did not know how to go about it, I should simply ask a policeman. The quantity I had in mind would determine the rank of the policeman I would approach.

Remembering the hue and cry that went up when a criminal shot his way to freedom after a Soho hold-up, I must admit that I have been walking the streets of Soho without fear in my heart. But I hurriedly ducked on two occasions in Paris—when deserters "shot it out" with the military police in a crowded street; and again when a Montmartre gang settled an argument with revolvers. A passing policeman hurriedly walked in the other direction.

Police Are Powerless

A Viennese policeman, too, thought it best to make himself inconspicuous when shots rang out in the night. Austrian policemen are unarmed. The public think the virtual impotence of the police is responsible for the dozen or so daily armed hold-ups.

The legal authorities don't really know what to do. There is no room in the prisons for the thousands of ordinary citizens whom wartime dislocation has turned into desperadoes.

The Austrian police know all the tricks of the professional criminals. But they are powerless against the amateur crime which is the real barometer of moral standards. To travel on trams without paying—obvious and general; to steal from military stores—an honest day's work; to sell yourself—a tedious necessity in a world of shortages.

The farther east you go the better known becomes the price of a civil servant; it is almost like the black market currency variations quoted in the Press.

"Nationalities" go begging—for a price. Permits, licences, documents of every sort can be had by those who pay. There is no need to contact a "gang" or some mysterious organization. I had a desperate letter the other day from a German who "could not afford" to buy Polish nationality for which they charged him 20,000 Austrian shillings in Vienna: "And that is only £50. . . ." he added, quoting the black market rate as if it was the most natural method of computing currencies.

Desert Dope Traffic

There are grimmer evils. Dope-peddling has reached new, unknown dimensions. On the way from Palestine to Egypt, dope-traders found it most convenient to use the sealed British military train to avoid customs. Across the desert borders into Libya they convey their wares by making camels swallow containers. From there to Tangier, from Tangier to Spain and from Spain. . . .

There is, spread like an evil net all over the Continent, a brotherhood of crime—deserters from the American and a dozen Allied armies, ex-Nazis on the run, all working in co-operation to make money and frustrate the rules of civilization.

They have lured tens of thousands of otherwise honourable citizens into complicity. A packet of cigarettes works wonders. For a carton of a popular American brand a small fleet of motor cars is allowed to slip through—wherever wanted.

Jewels? There are in Belgium today two dozen or more girl camp-followers of high Wehrmacht officers and Nazi officials who have acquired respectability by marrying into good Belgian families. One is a countess, who crosses frontiers bedecked with jewellery worth hundreds of thousands, fur coats, cocaine. . . .

Crime wave? Go east, my friends; cross the Channel and you will soon begin to get a sense of perspective about such things.

Ex-Wehrmacht soldier Peter Domke, accused of leading big "fake penicillin" racket

German police make an arrest in Berlin's black market near the Reichstag building

Talking Points About WATER

WATER (WHICH THE CHEMIST WRITES H_2O) is, together with air, a primary essential of life, and civilization continually uses more of it. Experts think a daily fifty gallons for each of us a proper quantity. In some United States towns they use sixty gallons per head.

★ ★ ★

Sir Alfred Egerton, professor of chemical engineering at the University of London, predicts a world shortage of water if populations grow, and suggests that supplies may have to be distilled from the sea in some places and stored in huge reservoirs blasted out by atomic explosives.

★ ★ ★

London's consumption before the war was 309,000,000 gallons a day, nearly thirty-nine gallons per head. The figure is now 345,000,000 gallons, and is steadily rising. During the recent hot spell, consumption reached the all time record of 428,000,000 gallons and in many areas the supply ran dry. The filtration stations, which draw two-thirds of London's water from the Thames, were unable to cope with the demand.

★ ★ ★

Britain's water supplies are chaotic. According to Sir Maxwell Fyfe, there are in Greater London fifty-nine water authorities, of which forty-nine supply fewer than 50,000 citizens each.

★ ★ ★

We have in England 3,779 parishes with no public water supply. In one Isle of Man inquiry it was alleged that thread-like eels came through the taps. In Ross and Cromarty, Strathpeffer folk recently complained of frogs in their pipes. At Rothes (Moray) 5,000,000 gallons of whisky were stored, but the inhabitants had no water owing to the distilleries' demands.

★ ★ ★

The Socialist Medical Association will shortly debate a resolution by Dr. Charles Brook calling for a national water policy—a "water-grid" for Britain. There is plenty of water in the country —the Highlands have a rainfall of two hundred inches a year. The problem is distribution. The Government plans to spend £15,000,000 on England's water systems in the next ten years, and £6,375,000 on Scotland's; but critics think the scheme not bold enough.

★ ★ ★

The rivers of Britain are in general abominably polluted by industry; in long stretches of the Trent, for instance, fish cannot live. There are six hundred separate authorities with powers to check contamination. A new Water Bill reduces the authorities to twenty-nine.

★ ★ ★

Chlorination of water supplies costs less than two shillings a million gallons. Fluorine, a gas similar to chlorine, but stronger in action, is sometimes found in water in minute amounts. Experiments in the U.S.A. suggest that its presence makes dental decay almost impossible. Eventually it may be added to all water supplies.

★ ★ ★

Mineral salts in water may make lathering difficult and damage pipes. Water softening (that is the removal or neutralization of the salts) certainly makes washing easier; tea, it is claimed, goes twice as far; the ill effects of too much lime intake are avoided. Extremely pure water has been known to dissolve the lead of pipes.

★ ★ ★

This is what a royal decree of 1612 enacted for the New River, London: *We doe by these presents . . . straightly charge and Comaund all pson and psons whatsoever That they or anie of them doe not hereafter cast or putt into the said new river anie earth rubbish soyle gravell stones dogges Catts or any Cattle Carrion or anie unwholesome or uncleane thing.* That decree should apply to water everywhere.

THE SOVIET SYSTEM ● ARE WE BRITISH DULL? ● LOUD-MOUTHED "PATRIOTS"

Priestley's Page

Q. "You have visited the Soviet Union. What in your opinion are the commonest mistakes people make about the Soviet system?"

A VERY valuable question. Perhaps the most serious mistake is to assume, as most people do, that everything in the U.S.S.R. is run by one vast central State machine.

Actually, it seems to me that we are moving nearer that state of affairs than the Russians have done.

There is in the Soviet Union a great deal of local enterprise and decentralized economic activity, although it has been necessary so far to have overall national plans.

Again, it is widely assumed that ordinary labour is not merely directed but definitely conscripted in Russia. But this is not the case. People change their jobs, and there are advertisements for workers.

Then it is imagined that the Soviet citizen cannot criticize anything. It is true that repeated hostile criticisms of important national policies are not tolerated. But the ordinary Soviet citizen seems to me to produce more criticism in a week than the ordinary British or American citizen does.

Again, I heard more "our" talk in Russia than I have ever heard anywhere else: "This is *our* co-operative"; "This is *our* school". . . .

And although it is quite true that the Russians tend to be suspicious of outside contacts, once this barrier is broken down they are immensely communicative and expansive and friendly.

Finally, it is generally assumed that in the Soviet Union there is everywhere present that heavy, brooding fear of the secret police that existed in the Germany of Hitler and the Italy of Mussolini.

But I am an experienced observer of the behaviour of ordinary human beings, and outside certain limited official circles I saw no sign of this fear, and the atmosphere was quite different from that of Nazi Germany or Fascist Italy, and there was no looking over the shoulder and whispering and so forth.

★

Q. "Most modern fiction seems to consist either of novels without much narrative interest, or thrillers. Where can one find novels that tell really good stories?"

I IMAGINE that this inquiry comes from somebody who is already acquainted with the works of the major novelists and is now looking for some intelligent light reading.

He will find the sort of novel he wants, reasonably well written and with a definite story interest, in the fiction roughly of the period 1890-1914.

The list would include Stevenson, Quiller-Couch, Weyman, Haggard, Conan Doyle, Seton Merriman, A. E. W. Mason, Maurice Hewlett, W. W. Jacobs, Pett Ridge—to name the first ten that jump to my mind.

It has always astonished me that our film producers in search of stories have not plundered this fruitful period for stories to be filmed.

In scores of the novels produced during those twenty-five years, you will find capital plots, together with some excellent character-drawing and quite intelligent writing.

Their writers were genuine story-tellers, who did not offer their readers raw slices of life or crude lumps of philosophizing, as too many novelists have done since. Naturally their work varied greatly in quality but they were all alike in being at least sound craftsmen.

★

Q. "The British have the reputation of being a dull people, stirred to exertion only in a crisis. Do you agree?"

WITH some reservations, yes. But one or two points are worth noticing. First, it is only since the Industrial Revolution that the British have had the reputation of being dull. Before that they were considered to be a very lively and rather turbulent people. Nobody ever called the Elizabethans dull.

Again, it is strange that this so-called dull people should have made so many outstanding contributions to world civilization, and that most of those contributions have demanded unusual imaginative power, from Shakespeare's plays to the Mulberry harbours.

But the question, I fancy, needs a closer examination. Dull at what? And stirred by what kind of crisis?

Surely what is meant is that the British cannot be excited by ordinary political and economic issues, as many other people can, partly because they have long felt more secure than most other people; and that therefore they can only be roused by what seems to them a definite political and economic crisis.

My own view is that the British are good at politics because they do not really like politics. They want to work in the garden or play billiards or watch birds or make a poultry shed or have a game of darts, instead of arguing in cafes, joining back-room conspiracies, or forming torchlight processions to greet the great leader.

The most unstable countries are those countries that are crowded with politicians and political enthusiasts, where politics are the national sport. The British have too many other hobbies. (Britain is, above all others, the country of hobbies.)

But a genuine crisis arouses their civic and political sense and then, enjoying themselves more often than not, they take action.

Actually the British are not a dull people, although I can understand any foreigner thinking that they are. But during the last hundred years they have got into the habit of living dullish lives in dullish places.

The typical industrial town, which grew outside any truly civilized tradition, is what is chiefly wrong with us.

★

Q. "Dr. Johnson said: 'Patriotism is the last refuge of a scoundrel.' Is it?"

STARTLING at first sight, this pronouncement is actually one of the old doctor's shrewdest judgments. All too often the man who has really done least for his country and its people is noisiest in his protestations of patriotic sentiment.

It is rarely the people who are working hardest for the country who talk the most about "keeping the so-and-so foreigners out."

A genuine patriotism, based on a deep-seated and passionate love of a man's homeland, is shown chiefly by actions and not by loud words.

When a man blusters and brags about his patriotism, which is usually of the most insufferable kind, it is ten to one he has been up to something shady and is probably anxious to hide the fact that his hand has just emerged from your pocket.

The scoundrel realizes that his rascality makes him an enemy of the community and so, to prove that he is not, he emphasizes his patriotism, trying to bring himself back again into the community. And that, I fancy, is what Dr. Johnson had in mind.

***** If you have a question for Mr. Priestley send it on a postcard to the Editor. No letters, requests or appeals, please**

MONEY your slave or master?

by GORDON CUMMINGS

Money is liable to slip its harness when, as today, there's far too much of it about, and too few goods to buy with it

"WHAT'S THE USE OF MONEY when we can't buy what we want—at any price?" Now, when people say that sort of thing, they don't really mean they don't want money; they are just bewildered and resentful because they can't spend usefully what they have in their pockets.

The reasons are simple. There is far more money about than ever before; there is still a desperate shortage of anything to buy—other than essentials. Buying many things today is, in fact, a matter of barter, of finding someone who has what you want and who wants what you have to sell. We have gone back some generations to a form of trading which the civilized world thought it had put behind it long ago.

There is no escape from the advertisements in the papers and the shop window boards with such appeals as: "Exchange gent's bicycle for perambulator"; or "Gentleman will exchange seven years' lease of West End flat for lease of cottage within twenty-five miles of London."

In the same way, but on a much vaster scale, countries are bartering food, raw materials and goods.

Yet, in spite of all this, we have never before had so much money in our pockets, tills, hoards and bank accounts. First, cash—the stuff we know as silver, copper and ten-shilling, pound and five-pound notes. There is £1,350,000,000 of it in circulation. This is just three times as much as in prewar days and is getting on for £30 a head of the civilian population.

The Millions in Our Banks

Second, the money which we mostly do not think of as money but of which there is very much more than cash—the millions in bank deposit and current accounts. The money in these tots up to well over £6,000,000,000.

There it is, £7,350,000,000 which could be spent but, of course, never will be all at once. In 1938, the total was some £3,000,000,000.

With all these enormous stores to draw on, what, then, does this money business mean? What is our money worth? Economists manage to disagree on most things, but not on the functions of money. It is a medium of exchange and a standard of value. Anyhow, that is the underlying idea. It is only in such exceptional days as these that it looks a very academic definition.

The Chinese say that Cheng, Second King of Chou, was the first man to get round the barter business by coining money. That was more than 3,000 years ago, in 1091 B.C. Nothing remains, however, of King Cheng's money to prove this claim.

But we do know for certain that four hundred years later, around 700 B.C., coins of a natural alloy of gold and silver, called electron, were minted in Asia Minor by either the Ionian Greeks or the Lydians. These coins, incidentally, are among the most beautiful ever minted. As civilization grew, other countries coined money, mainly to facilitate and speed commercial transactions, which were rapidly getting more and more complicated.

Under the barter system it was fairly easy to trade a cow for a slave, a sword or ten sheep; it became a different matter when one cow had to be divided among three or four sellers of smaller articles. Money, by fixing values for the goods in most demand, solved the problem of the subdivision of the cow.

During its 3,000 years' existence (to give King Cheng the benefit of the doubt), money has done a tremendous amount of good, when wisely handled—and a great deal of harm, when controlled by short-sighted or unscrupulous managers.

G. D. H. Cole, the economist, has apt words for money: "It is not creative; but when anything goes wrong with it the result can be to prevent useful things from being created, and to cause any amount of economic loss and human distress."

For many generations, Britain, in the eyes of the foreigner, had the "best" money, which is why today the paper pound note is still valued fairly highly in most countries. In spite of that confidence, our money has changed its outward form and value more during the last thirty-three years than in a century before. Two world wars, particularly the first, can be thanked, or blamed, for that.

Gold Ruled the Roost

Gold ruled our cash money world until August, 1914. Banknotes could always be changed into golden sovereigns and half sovereigns. We were "on the gold standard." Then, out of the blue, our British sovereign, which for almost a century had never varied its gold value, was turned from an everyday coin into a museum piece. All gold coins were called in, their place taken by ten-shilling and pound notes—the original "Bradburys."

Since then, notes have been our main cash money. Less than half of us living today ever had the chance of jingling gold in our pockets. True, by screwing down wages, pushing up unemployment and causing the General Strike of 1926, we scrambled back on to the gold standard in 1925. But it was a nominal gold standard. Gold coins did not reappear. Treasury and banknotes could be changed only for bars of gold bullion weighing four hundred ounces each, which confined dealings to speculators, traders and bankers.

In 1928 the "Bradbury" type notes were changed for Bank of England notes, the security for which was partly gold and partly the British Government's credit. Shortly after, we ran into the world slump. Unemployment soared, poverty spread through the land, the amount of money in people's pockets dwindled, but the value of the pound was kept up in terms of gold.

Montague, later Lord, Norman, then Governor of the Bank of England, led the forces which clung to this precious gold—until September, 1931, when Britain could stand the strain no longer. We abandoned gold. And to all intents and purposes we have never been on it since.

Notes have since done the cash work. The gold has been used for settling our foreign money deals. Most of our money is just bits of paper. The humble penny, with the copper in it worth about one-third of a penny, is intrinsically more valuable than the £5 note, which is worth, if sold as such, what a piece of paper eight and a quarter inches by five

and one eighth inches is worth. Which, of course, brings me to the danger of these notes.

What is to stop the Government revving up the printing machines, as they did in Germany in the nineteen-twenties, and running them off by the thousand million?

Well, in Britain there is this: First, we still have around £600,000,000 worth of gold and American dollars to back part of our cash money. Second, the official aim is not to run the printing machines faster but to slow them down. All our cash money is backed by the credit of the Government, which means Britain as a whole.

With the "big" money as a precedent, it is not surprising that silver is now becoming "token" money as well. Up to 1920 our silver coins were nearly all pure silver. But when silver rose to 89d. an ounce, a big profit could be made by melting down the coins and selling the silver. Silver coins disappeared so rapidly into the melting pot that there was soon an acute shortage. New coins were minted, with only fifty per cent of silver in them.

Now in this year of change, 1947, the value is being still further reduced. The new cupro-nickel "silver" coins cost only a fraction of the old. So used are we to change, however, that public interest in the cupro-nickel coins has been confined to comparing their "ring" with that of the old silver.

Into the Melting Pot

This change, by the way, will save about £50,000,000 worth of silver, and after repaying America 88,000,000 ounces which we borrowed during the war, will leave the Exchequer with a surplus of £30,000,000. It will take ten years to melt down all the silver. The total number of silver coins in circulation is about 2,000,000,000, with a face value of £119,000,000. That means that about 200,000,000 new nickel coins will have to be struck every year.

Coppers, as I have already pointed out, are now intrinsically the most valuable coins, with the metal in them worth about one-third of the face value. All told, we have about 3,500,000,000 copper coins circulating to a face value of £11,500,000. And there are 440,000,000 of the twelve-sided threepenny bits, face value £5,500,000.

Out of the minting of new coins—in 1946 about 254,000,000—the Royal Mint makes a profit, which in recent years has been just short of £7,000,000 annually. The profit goes to reduce taxation.

All this time we have said little about the biggest amount of money, the deposits in the banks. That is passed from hand to hand by cheques, and settles most of the country's trading transactions and major private bills. Every working day something like £250,000,000 changes hands by cheque.

Some monetary theorists would like to see cheques more widely used and the amount of cash reduced. One day that may come, but for the present most of us like to handle cash, even if it means the risk of loss through theft, fire or carelessness.

They Think It's Safer

What, then, is happening to gold, if it is no longer used as money in most countries? What is it worth? It is worth more than twice its 1914 value and people all over the world are ready to pay well over the official price—£8 12s. 6d. an ounce—to get it. Indians have been paying as much as £22 an ounce until recently. Black market prices on the Continent are £15 an ounce and upwards. Many people, especially those with close experience of paper moneys which have lost their value, cling to gold and silver as the only safe money.

One day world gold stocks, now worth something near £10,000,000,000, may be minted down into coins again. In the meantime the 25,000,000 ounces dug each year out of many holes all over the globe are for the most part buried again in bank vaults. We carry on with our token money.

Which brings us to the question: "Would we be better—or worse—off with less of our token money in circulation? Should we try to get back to 1938, or 1925, or 1913?"

We can, think most economists and bankers, carry on quite well as we are—always provided prices and wages and earnings do not move too greatly or too speedily from where they are today. What really matters is not so much the quantity of token money in our pockets as the relation between what we have to spend and what we can buy. Sharp reductions in the amount of money mean deflation, with unemployment and poverty. At the other extreme, uncontrolled printing of money means inflation, chaos, disorganization of our lives and, again, unemployment and poverty.

Our aim must be the happy medium. Money must be our servant, not our master. And today we are pretty near that aim. Grumbling over shortages apart, we do know that the money in our pockets will buy us many things at known prices. When our wives or mothers go out on their weekly shopping they know to within a few pence what the money in their purses will buy.

In America it is vastly different. Since the lid was taken off price controls, housewives there have never known whether their weekly housekeeping money will fill the shopping baskets or not. Of what use to them are bigger and bigger wage packets if prices are leaping up even faster?

So long as we leave our own money as it is, we cannot come to much harm.

Sharp upward or downward price and wages movements are the dangers to watch. And the Government is trying hard, so far successfully, to avoid such troubles. Still, there is one great risk—the £1,000,000,000 a year which at present we have in excess of our spending. If we try to spend that surplus while goods are still scarce, we will most certainly upset the value of our money.

We can avoid the danger by saving every penny which is now burning a hole in our pockets.

A pound saved is a pound indeed...

Savings reached "impossible" heights during the war. The figures showed what *could* be done.

From September 3, 1939, to VJ-Day, 1945, the small savers put by £4,000,000,000 and the "big" savers £6,000,000,000, making the staggering total of £10,000,000,000.

★ ★ ★

Since the end of the war, we have naturally been spending more and saving rather less. In 1943, out of our total national private incomes of £8,747,000,000, we saved £1,815,000,000 or 21 per cent. Two years later, savings were just 15 per cent of income and by 1946 they had dropped to £721,000,000, or eight per cent of our income of £9,181,000,000.

★ ★ ★

The Government now says, in effect: If you insist on spending today, you will tend to get less and less for each £1, because prices will rise while too much money chases too few goods. If, on the other hand, you save your money until shortages are finally overcome, you will get better value in the end.

★ ★ ★

Until there are many more goods in the shops and the deficit on our overseas trade has been met, we will continue to run into all kinds of financial trouble by not saving very hard.

★ ★ ★

The Chancellor wants the "small" savers—the people who buy Savings Certificates and Defence Bonds and put money in the Post Office and Trustee Savings Banks—to save £366,000,000 net, during the current Budget year. Per head of our 49,000,000 population, that means an average of £7 10s. for each man, woman and child.

TOWN KIDS get a break

A new kind of holiday camp introduces them to the joys of the countryside

For thousands of city children, the outer world means a backyard like this. A field is something in a story. . . .

. . . The story comes true. This school-camp is at Marlow (Bucks). Each of thirty camps can take 240 children

DRAB, MEAN STREETS of little dwelling-houses stretch out like grey tentacles round London, Birmingham, Manchester and the large towns in our industrial areas.

Children play in the streets, ignoring the dust and noise, while beyond this dreary labyrinth lie woods and fields, valleys and streams—a strange, unknown world to many of them. Yet surely they have the right to enjoy the beauty of our green countryside.

Something ought to be done about it—something *is* being done.

In 1939 a small group of people had the idea of setting up a number of camps in different parts of the country. Not just holiday camps but school-camps with this object:

That children living in congested areas should have the opportunity of spending some time in beautiful and health-giving surroundings and of learning something of the life of the countryside as well as some of the lessons of a communal life.

The plan was put before the Government. The idea was approved, partly because it was realized how valuable the camps would be for another purpose—wartime evacuation.

So the National Camps Corporation came into being. The Government agreed to give £500,000 and lend £500,000. With this money the Corporation built and equipped thirty camps, with accommodation at each for 240 children plus staff.

Sites on the coast were ruled out for war reasons, and all the camps set in quiet rural surroundings, from Northumberland to Sussex. They are at places like Farnham, Hemel Hempstead, Horsham, Beverley and Hexham.

How Costs Are Met

Having fulfilled their wartime function as evacuation centres, the camp-schools can now play the part originally intended for them.

How are they organized?

The Corporation is a non-profitmaking concern. But the costs of food, staff wages, general upkeep and interest on the loan have to be met. So the local education authorities pay so much per head for each child and teacher at the camps. To meet this bill, they receive a grant from the Ministry of Education. The remainder is raised by contributions from parents and the local rates.

The camps are all built to a similar plan, so a visit to one of them gave me a good idea of what the other twenty-nine are like.

The wooden bungalows are agreeably arranged; there are grass verges, flower beds; everything is done to enhance their attractiveness. The long dormitories with their many windows, cream and green paint, give an impression of airy brightness. Even the two-tier bunks are painted pale green.

The little hospital bungalow has gaily coloured quilts on the beds. And brightly painted wooden dolls and toys adorn the window sills. There is a school sister who holds a daily clinic that every child must attend.

They Gain in Weight

Children are weighed on arrival and before leaving; the gain in weight they show is evidence of the benefits of their stay.

The washing arrangements are good. Pleasantly warmed rooms (the whole camp is centrally heated), plenty of basins with an abundance of hot water. Showers with the hot and cold flow adjusted to give the correct temperature.

Physical exercises are held in the assembly hall used for dancing, concerts, boxing contests. Nature study lessons are given in the classrooms. The children learn something of local history, culture of the soil, the life of trees and plants. In warm weather as many lessons as possible are enjoyed out of doors. After lessons there are walks, games and the special delights of the open-air swimming pool.

There is an entire absence of anything resembling "institutionalism." Pictures of ships on the walls, tall vases of green boughs on the mantelshelves—all contribute to the pleasant atmosphere.

Particular thought is given to the food and menus are planned to provide a balanced diet. The children have four meals a day that in actual food value give them well over 3,000 calories a head.

With each batch of 240 children come seven teachers. And there is a permanent staff of eight teachers at the camp.

The length of stay at the camps varies according to the policy of the local education authority. In some cases children spend a whole term in camp. In others, for a much shorter period, so that as many children as possible may benefit.

The Corporation has done all the pioneer work and hopes that local education authorities themselves will build and equip more camps when they realize the advantages to the children. Many serious problems of juvenile delinquency might never arise if more children were able to enjoy the benefits of a term spent in a camp-school.

It is impossible to assess the value to the children simply in terms of improved physique and increased knowledge of the countryside. The benefits go much deeper than that.

It is probably the first time the child has left the family circle to stand on his own in a community.

The child of wealthier parents goes to boarding-school and learns that particular lesson quite early. But the child from a poor home does not have the same chance. In the community life of a camp he learns self-reliance. He learns to give and take and to respect other people's opinions. Qualities of leadership that might have remained dormant are revealed and guided into constructive channels.

To children coming from overcrowded towns, the beauty and spaciousness of the country is a revelation. For the first time in their lives they have the opportunity to be alone and to listen to the quiet.

Will Home Seem Drab?

But what of the return home? They go back healthier, happier, with the knowledge of a whole new world full of unsuspected possibilities.

Will they be discontented? People *ought* to be discontented with poor standards of cleanliness and comfort. These children have learned that quite simple surroundings can still be bright and pleasant. That windows (even though small) can let in fresh air—if they are opened! They have discovered there is a freer, happier way of life. And with the confidence of youth they will set out to get it. They will insist on better houses, better conditions than those their parents tolerated.

During the war, evacuees were occasionally allowed to pay a short visit to their parents. One girl, returning from a home visit, was heard discussing with a friend what she most missed while away from the camp. Was it the good food, the comfortable bed, the fresh air or lovely views? No—"What I missed most," she said, "was my daily shower." That girl won't put coals in the bath when she gets a house with a bathroom.

The years of destruction are past. The years of building up lie ahead. School-camps can, in a very vital and far-reaching way, help to build the Britain of the future.

BARBARA BANKS

FREE SPEECH

★ Tell Us What Others Earn
★ Pound or Two Extra Doesn't Help
★ "Spivs" Are Not a Laughing Matter

THERE USED TO BE a time when personal incomes were a closely guarded secret; under no circumstances must Mr. Jones next door get to know whether you earn more or less than he does.

Now the reverse seems to be the case. Scores of people write to the newspapers giving their domestic budget in detail.

It's nice to know Mr. Smith, his wife and five children, can scrape along on a fiver a week; infuriating to read Mr. Robinson's laments that he's in the red on £2,000 a year.

But, while we're at it, let's have a thoroughgoing survey of the national income.

Exactly what does each class of worker earn? And exactly how do the budgets of the community at large balance?

Disclosure of these facts would be a fillip to co-operation in the production drive.

Team work is aided where members of the team know exactly how they are placed in relation to each other.

In the Army you knew how much the colonel—and the sergeant—got paid.

Much of the present distrust in industry is due to a feeling among the rank and file that the executives wangle salaries and allowances out of all proportion to their responsibilities. — J. S. HARMAN, Cricklewood Lane, London, N.W.2.

The More You Get—

MANY PEOPLE HAVE BEEN writing to the newspapers stating the money they earn and how they spend it.

One conclusion emerges: in the nature of things, a pound or two extra a week doesn't help, because, almost automatically, people adjust their spending to higher earnings.

Isn't that a good argument for pegging wages?—STANLEY HOBBES, High Street, Guildford, Surrey.

A Million Dodgers?

THIS WORD "SPIV." Whenever it's mentioned in private conversation, people laugh instead of expressing anger—as if the wasters and shucksters to whom the term applies were a laughing matter at a time of "work or want."

It is the way of human beings to laugh at facets of life with which they can't cope. It seems, certainly, as if we can't cope with the "spivs." According to the Minister of Labour, George Isaacs, there is a gap of a million men in Britain for whom the Labour Exchanges are unable to account.

Have we, then, as many as a million "spivs" in our midst—as many as four men living, presumably, on the black market and their wits for every three hewing coal in our mines?

It is high time this vast legion of parasites was routed out and put to productive employment. Until it is, the Government's appeal for more and harder work can have no force.

While we dismiss them as something of a joke, the "spivs" have nothing to fear. —H. J. SELKIRK, Lancing, Sussex.

Easy Money Boys

WHEN ONE READS REPORTS of teenage boys earning £4 and £5 a week as bookmakers' runners and so on—significantly most of them seem to end up in the police courts—one realizes that the adult artisan doing a skilled job cannot be blamed for pressing his union to raise his wage level. It is up to the Labour Government to put an end to "easy money" rackets.

In Britain today no one should be in a position to earn a penny except by his skill of hand or brain. That is true Socialism.—J. K. DENT, Storrington, Sussex.

Typing Pool

I HAVE BEEN TRYING to buy a typewriter. For a new machine I shall have to wait two years for delivery. The price of a good second-hand one is far beyond my means.

Would it not be possible for public libraries to provide typewriters in writing rooms? Teachers, lecturers, students

and others could use them on payment of a small fee.—L. S. F. (Name and address enclosed.)

P.O.W.s' Farewell

CARRYING THEIR KIT BAGS, a number of German prisoners due for repatriation were making their way to an R.A.F. station used as a p.o.w. distribution centre.

One young prisoner, who was exhausted, lay down by the roadside for a few minutes. Up came an R.A.F. sergeant. He kicked the prisoner and told him to get up and continue marching.

A local haulage contractor took pity on the prisoners and made three journeys to the R.A.F. station with their kit bags. This job could easily have been done by R.A.F. lorries which are always available locally.

The way in which these prisoners were treated on the first lap of their journey home must have left them with a bad final impression of Britain and was a poor advertisement for the democracy we are trying to teach the Germans.—H. E. D. (Name and address enclosed.)

Sarc. Dept.

THOSE WHO EXPERIENCED, as prisoners of war, the gracious hospitality of such Italian camps as Benghazi, Tarhuna, Suani-ben-Adam, as well as many others in Italy itself, will be delighted with the recent announcement that we have *given* this worthy nation over £50,000,000 since the end of the war (apart from U.N.R.R.A. relief).—S. R. PALMER, 205 Bordesley Green East, Birmingham 9.

Books and the Public

LIBRARY EXECUTIVES do not anticipate a plentiful supply of good books for "several years."

Why not have a Royal Commission to report on the type of book that should be given production priority?

We do not want to be flooded with classics, but we should be spared sex-for-the-sake-of-sex potboilers.

At the moment I cannot find a copy of *Great Expectations* to buy.—WALLACE STUBBS, 39 Ovington Street, London, S.W.3.

Books and the Prisoner

FENNER BROCKWAY'S article on the "Scandal of Our Prisons" (JOHN BULL, June 14) gave me a shock. I found myself imagining I was shut in a cell thirteen feet by seven for fourteen hours a day.

The only thing that would save my sanity in such circumstances, would, I believe, be books.

The severity of, say a twelve months' sentence must vary considerably in different cases. A man who has no intellectual background and who cannot find any satisfaction in his own thoughts must suffer hideous torture compared with the man who has a well-stored mind. This is a major point for consideration in any prison reform. — JAMES DALLAS, Fishponds Road, Bristol.

Harry Rutherford's "The Custodian" —John Bull cover to which a reader pays a special tribute (see below)

A Modern Hogarth

MY CONGRATULATIONS on your cover, "The Custodian" (JOHN BULL, June 7). Harry Rutherford is a modern Hogarth and his pictorial comments in the Royal Academy, on the television screen and now on the cover of JOHN BULL are true works of contemporary art.

The sleeping "custodian," impervious alike to his charges, ancient and modern, is a delightful work.

Allow me to congratulate you also on remarkably fine colour reproduction. Your process puts fine art within easy reach of a wide public.—GORDON BLACK, 26 Russell Square, London, W.C.1.

Equal Pay, Unequal Burden

CLAIMS FOR "EQUAL PAY" are all very well, but when I take my girl friend out I still have to pay the bill for both, though she earns as much as I do.

A man has usually far greater responsibilities than a woman. It is he who has to save up to get married, and, once there are children, it is he who has to keep the whole family.

What justice is there in paying a girl living at home the same wage as a man with a wife and three children?

Apart from this a man has greater expenses; my girl friend can make her own dresses, wash her own clothes. — J. KLOGMAN, 22 Doveridge Gardens, London, N.13.

London Isn't Britain

ALL THE GORDON BECKLES articles on "The Trail of Tomorrow" have interested, pleased and instructed me and none more than his summing up (JOHN BULL, June 14).

As a Londoner I have probably learned more than most readers because Cockneys know less about Britain than anyone.

May I plead for the whole series to be perpetuated in book form?—R. F. D. TOWNSEND, Leighton Buzzard, Bedfordshire.

Khaki Slouchers

IT AMAZES ME to see the lack of smartness in quite a few soldiers today. Men in uniform slouch about with their hands in their pockets, without headgear and

JOHN BULL QUIZ

MAGIC

(1) When was the last witch executed in Britain? (2) Who was King Arthur's magician? (3) Which four characters went off to see the wonderful Wizard of Oz? (4) What is a magic square? (5) What was Houdini's speciality?

MUSICIANS

(1) What is the name for a person who plays the flute? (2) Which great pianist was President of Poland? (3) A famous family of musicians specialize in playing old instruments; their name? (4) The dance tune, "When You Make Love To Me," was written by a celebrated violinist; who? (5) What instruments did Toscanini, Koussevitsky play before they became conductors?

FAMOUS AMERICANS

(1) Why did Paul Revere undertake his famous midnight ride? (2) By whom was the phrase "government of the people, by the people, for the people" made famous? (3) A Scottish-American sailor who fought against the British in the War of Independence is today remembered in the ballroom; who was he? (4) What are these men famous for: Robert E. Lee; Daniel Webster; Henry Thoreau? (5) There is a presidential election next year; who were the two principal candidates last time?

SCOTLAND

(1) What do the letters "N.B." after an address stand for? (2) Name Scotland's capital; its largest city. (3) Which is the Granite City, and which county is known as the Dairy of Scotland? (4) John o' Groat's is written with an apostrophe before the "s." What did he possess? (5) Why are these places famous in Scottish history: Bannockburn, Flodden Field, Glencoe, Scone?

DIFFERENCES

Do you know the difference between: (1) Concave and convex? (2) A gourmand and a gourmet? (3) Stalactites and stalagmites? (4) Samuel Coleridge-Taylor and Samuel Taylor Coleridge? (5) A euphemism and a euphuism?

(*Answers on page 26*)

With my feet up ★ by Ian Fox

Under the Underworld

ONE OF THE MOST important places in the world at the moment seems to be Soho. Almost every paper or magazine that I pick up seems to have articles about Soho from underneath, Soho from on top, Soho seen sideways and Soho backwards and upside down.

These articles vary a bit. Some of them are sinister and feature vulture-like women lurking in the inky shadows. Others are breezy and are all about Sid the Spiv who wears American clothes and behaves like someone out of a gangster film.

Not wishing to be left behind in the journalistic race, I decided the only thing to do was to visit Soho with someone who really knew. And, of course, that meant Irma del Monico, the world-famous international spy, who is as familiar with the underworld of high diplomatic circles as she is with the public bar of the "Cat Burglar's Arms."

I rang her up on her secret telephone, Whitehall 1212½. "Ah, my good *Freund*," she said. "*C'est vous.* How nice! . . . Soho? *Certainement, oui.* I have it in my pocket."

"That's fine," I said. "I'm coming to pick your pocket."

"We meet, then, at—how do you say it—Monday night at eight, *hein?*"

We met and took a walk. Old Compton Street looked just like Old Compton Street and Dean Street looked just like Dean Street. A sinister figure lurked in the inky shadows. It was a very old man selling bootlaces.

★ ★ ★

First we went to eat in one of those little Soho places that people know about, where the food is miraculous and the maximum charge is five shillings. Irma spoke to the manager.

"We want the *wunderschön* food," she said. "I think you have it *au dessous de* the counter, yes? Only the best. No horses, *vous comprenez.*"

We had some smoked salmon and then *Escallope Braisé au Jus à la Brillat Savarin,* which was corned beef with gravy over it.

We ordered a bottle of wine, *Chateau Biddy Rouge, 1947.*

The bill came to £4 10s. I paid with some counterfeit notes that Irma gave me and we left.

We went to a night club called "The Muck Heap." It was in a cellar, and in the inky shadows lurked, etc. At the bar we ordered two gins and got two nice cooling methylated spirits. Irma indicated a man with a broad-brimmed hat and padded shoulders.

"You see, *mon cher,* there is Johnny the Jerk. Hello, Johnny, *mein Lieber. Cómo está usted?* You have a nice racket, Johnny, *si?*"

"Not 'arf I ain't."

"You still smuggle the watches from the Continent, *hein?*"

"Nah, not now. Nothin' in it. I bring in Colorado beetles and get ten quid each for 'em. Easy as kiss yer 'and."

★ ★ ★

We went on to another club. It was also in a cellar. The garish light threw inky shadows in which lurked sinister figures . . . suddenly a shot rang out—there was the flash of a razor, a woman screamed (oh, sorry, wrong article).

A cafe called "Bon Repos" was full of shifty-eyed characters, thumbing greasy packs of cards. Fan-tan, faro, vingt-et-un, baccarat, strip poker . . . actually when we arrived they were playing Snap and getting very excited over it. Suddenly one of them whipped out a knife, but it was only to sharpen a pencil.

We went on to the Dumb Blonde Club. She was.

Next came the South Sea Rendezvous, all done out with canvas palm trees and sand on the floor. Exotic beauties from Edgware Road were standing about drinking coloured water. We ordered two gins and got two nice cooling turpentines.

"*Ach, le petit chou,*" said Irma. "There is Dicky the Duke. He runs a glass factory which makes diamonds for import only. And there is Six-gun Sammy. Hello, Sammy, *mi querido,* you do well for yourself, *n'est-ce pas?*"

"Smashin'," said Sammy. "Makin' ice-cream in me back-yard. Two bob a gallon, sells for two quid. Guaranteed free from typhoid, typhus, German measles *and* cream."

I interrupted. "Don't look now, but who is that very sinister figure lurking in the inky shadows?" I asked.

"Oh la! *That* one?" said Irma. "*Das ist* a big detective from the Yard *de* Scotland."

FREE SPEECH

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 17

THE REBEL SPINSTER ★ THE WOULD-BE EMIGRANT

with cigarettes stuck behind their ears.

Having served in Normandy, Belgium, Holland, Germany, Palestine and Egypt (yes, and grumbled and groused like thousands of others) I have at least retained a pride in my uniform. Wake up, soldiers, and throw your shoulders back. —R. RICHARDSON, 26 Milton Street, Edinburgh.

Nothing in Return

AS A MIDDLE-AGED SPINSTER I would like to rebel against the demands of the young married woman. Rates and insurance keep going up—all to help to pay for free meals, milk, education and maternity benefits. The spinsters get nothing for their payments.

I want to try to modernize my home and to make my old age secure, but what hope have I when I have to finance the young wives?

I do not suppose this will be printed, as I have noticed that if one does not go the way the wind blows one's views get no publicity.—MISS E. MOORE, 7 Minehead Street, Leicester.

Open Door, Closed Door

THE AUSTRALIAN GOVERNMENT is to offer special inducements to American ex-Servicemen who have married Australian girls if they want to settle in the Commonwealth. The reason given is that there will be insufficient immigrants from Britain.

While this is undoubtedly true, it seems rather premature to invite American citizens while those of us in this country who want to go out are being told our applications cannot be considered unless someone already in Australia has nominated us. — W. J. HONEYCHURCH, 35 Rosemead Avenue, Mitcham, Surrey.

More Haste—

EACH TIME I VISIT LONDON I am more firmly convinced that although we provincials move about in a more leisurely manner, we reach places and get things done in infinitely less time than Londoners.

Rush and bustle are not our characteristics, but at home I can do my housework, cook lunch and do part of my office work in less time than it takes a Londoner to get around to his job.—FLORENCE M. RUSSELL, 43 Vyner Street, Haxby Road, York.

Utopia Recedes

THROUGHOUT MY LIFETIME I have been hearing of the great days ahead—days when scientific progress would bring about a life of marvellous ease.

But, in fact, living has been getting harder and harder. What were ordinary comforts in my young days are now remote luxuries, and nearly all the graciousness I can remember has vanished in the bleak fight for existence.

It seems to me the scientists might well take their inventions to a lonely island. Then we might get down to the simple pleasures of life again.—DAVID MARTIN, 30 Oakley Street, London, S.W.3.

That Man Shylock

MR. GILLESPIE was woefully wide of the mark in asserting that *The Merchant of Venice* fostered anti-Jewish feeling (JOHN BULL, May 17). Study of the play is, in fact, one of the surest antidotes to anti-Semitism.

Shakespeare raised his voice in favour of the Jew in an age when Jews were not popular (compare the success of Marlowe's *The Jew of Malta*) and risked his own popularity to protest against bigotry.

Shylock wins sympathy and few will enjoy the phoney legal victory gained by his Christian enemies.—B. E. C. LEWIS, 6 Kenilworth Gardens, Blackpool, Lancs.

Roadside Seats

LOCAL AUTHORITIES would serve a public need if they planned adequate seats along the highway for the aged and the war-disabled.

In cemeteries there are always seats, but on the roads between shopping centres there is no provision for tired old people or cripples. — VINCENT FRANCIS, 52 Moffatt Road, Liverpool 9.

Priestley Should Tell Us

IT HAS BEEN SAID over and over again that Britain needs a spokesman with the popular touch—somebody who could explain Government policies; tell us the facts about our national difficulties without boring or irritating us; and generally cheer us up and keep us in good spirits.

Surely the man for the job is J. B. Priestley. He has wide interests and can put a lot into a few words (as his JOHN BULL page shows). He is a master of the intimate manner on the radio. And in his new play, *Ever Since Paradise,* he gives married people a sharp lesson on the stupidity of bickering—and makes them laugh uproariously at the same time.

The divorce courts would not be half so busy if all quarrelsome couples could see this play.

Incidentally, a speaker with Priestley's amazing insight into the feminine mind would not make silly mistakes in appealing to women.—JOHN DOUGLAS, London, W.1. (Address enclosed.)

Gets Home to the Truth

AS A REGULAR CHURCHGOER and one who tries to live up to the doctrines of Our Lord, I would like to pay tribute to JOHN BULL for giving us Roffe Thompson's "Human Machine" every week.

I have listened to many sermons, but not even the finest of them has got right home to the truth like these sermons in miniature.—H. BROOK, 72 Station Lane, Brockholes, Huddersfield.

Wangle It, He Said

CONFUSED OVER the dues of a new employee, I rang up the income tax authorities to find out what was the correct method of deduction.

The official who talked to me could not clarify the position and suggested I should come to some arrangement with the employee or should "wangle" something on my own. Would you credit it?—L. S. L. (name and address enclosed).

★ LETTERS *intended for this feature should be marked "Free Speech." One guinea will be paid as an acknowledgment for every reader's letter or extract published. Full name and address must be given (though not necessarily for publication). Please keep letters brief.*

THE PILGRIM

by JOHN DAVIES

Hatred can eat its way deep into the soul, out of reach of logic or persuasion. But Petty Officer Parker became a different man after boarding an intercepted immigrant ship

ILLUSTRATED BY RONALD SEARLE

MOST OF THE CREW of the British destroyer stood at the starboard rail, looking across to the disreputable little tramp which lay hove to a couple of miles off across the calm blue of the Mediterranean.

"I can't see what they aim to get out of it," said the gunner's mate.

"They don't get anything out of it, poor devils," said the chief stoker, "but they've got to go somewhere, ain't they?"

"I don't give a damn where they go, as long as they stay out of my country," said Petty Officer Parker, a distaste amounting almost to hate showing on his face and in his voice.

"That's just the trouble, Charlie," said the chief stoker, and his tone showed that he wanted Petty Officer Parker to be reasonable. "That's what they get wherever they go. England, France, Germany, America — anywhere you like, it's the same old story. 'We don't care where you go,' they all say, 'as long as you don't stay here. Keep moving!' It's always been the same ever since the days of the Wandering Jew. You can't help feeling sorry for them."

"I hate the lot of them," said Parker.

The men continued to gaze at the tramp until the boarding party was piped into the motor boat. Parker was the senior rating of the party, and as soon as he heard the pipe he made his way amidships to the motor boat's falls.

The boat dropped gently into the water. Its engine spluttered into life. The bell clanged for half speed ahead and the bows swung slowly until they pointed towards the tramp.

Sitting in the stern beside the first lieutenant, Parker looked at her grimly.

"I hate the lot of them," he repeated to himself.

As a matter of fact Petty Officer Parker hated a great many people besides the unfortunate Jewish immigrants on the ship they had intercepted that morning. He had got off to a good—or bad—start by hating his father, the one decisive act of whose later life had been to pitchfork his son into the Navy at the age of thirteen.

Charlie had never forgiven his father for that. But even before he had gone to sea he could remember hating the Jews. He had seen them on all sides in the East End, prosperous and complacent; whereas his own family had dragged out a wretched existence, his mother failing slowly under the burden of his ne'er-do-well father.

HE had never stopped to consider the rights and wrongs of the matter. He only remembered that the Jews had everything and he had nothing, and he hated them for it.

Since then he had hated all manner of men, white, black, yellow and brown, in all parts of the world, had hated them individually and in the mass. During the war he had concentrated his hatred on Germans and Italians—had watched with pleasure a U-boat's crew drowning before his eyes, and had seen with satisfaction several hundred Italians burned to death in a sea flaming with petrol. But first and foremost he hated the Jews, for that was the longest standing of his antipathies, and he was a man in whom hatreds festered.

As a seaman, Petty Officer Charlie Parker was hard and efficient, and thereby he had won the respect, if not the affection, of his shipmates. They agreed unanimously that he was a tough customer, and left it at that.

The motor boat chugged on. By the engine the stoker in charge sang a little tune. The sun, rising to its zenith, shone warmly down.

They were much closer now to the tramp, which lay motionless like an incongruous, dirty heap on the pure blue of the sea. Parker could make out movement on her decks.

"Remember, everyone," said the first lieutenant, "there are two or three hundred people—desperate people—on this ship, and there are only eight of us, so we'll have to watch our step. Take your orders from me, and don't do anything until you are told. The last thing we want is violence."

Parker looked at the first lieutenant, a fair-headed young man of twenty-five or so, with an open, good-natured, boyish face. It was all right for him to talk. He had had it easy all his life. No violence? Parker gripped his police stick more tightly.

Suddenly everyone in the boat tensed a little. The stoker stopped singing. Across the still water came a low, moaning wail, infinitely desolate and remote. It came once, and then again, and again. The ship ahead seemed to pulse with a people's agony.

"No violence," said the first lieutenant.

Then they were alongside. A rope ladder had been put out for them and they scrambled up. The first lieutenant's nostrils widened delicately as the sour, fetid smell of the ship came to them. They clambered on to the deck and stood there, well-disciplined, alert, inscrutable. Below them the engine of the motor boat still puttered gently.

Parker, the blow struck, stood a little uncertainly. The big Jew, his face bright with blood, did not move

THE immigrants crowded all the deck space apart from a small semicircle of perhaps three yards' radius around the boarding party. Quite motionless they stood there, a ragged, ravaged crowd, gazing at the British sailors with a terrible, hopeless fixity. Among the foremost of them a woman, an emaciated creature, young still in years, but old with hunger and hardship and dressed in filthy rags of black, stared at the boarding party with all the misery of a lost people in her hollow eyes. Beside her a dreadfully gaunt man stood with his arms hanging listlessly by his sides.

The first lieutenant seemed embarrassed. He cleared his throat and spoke brusquely.

"I hope you all realize what has happened. You have been intercepted. The destroyer from which we have come will escort you to the accommodation arranged for you at Cyprus. A party from the destroyer will remain on board for the rest of the voyage."

For a moment no one in that crowded ship spoke or gave any indication that they had heard. Not one of those three hundred faces abandoned its gaze of hatred, apathy, or despair. But then a deep, rich voice spoke calmly.

"We will do as you order. There is no other way."

Parker looked to his left, in the direction from which the voice had come, and saw a most impressive figure. The speaker was a giant of a man, towering above the others, and of a physique which, though lean and hard, seemed in no way impaired by privation. His black hair was long and unkempt and his bushy beard made it difficult to judge his age.

The rags in which he was dressed were, if anything, more filthy and tattered than those of his companions. But he stood vividly out against the human wreckage around him through the pride and dignity of his bearing. His face seemed almost luminous with a great compassion. His dark eyes were very calm.

Parker hated him violently as soon as he saw him.

"Thank you," said the first lieutenant, acknowledging the big man's words. Then he spoke more loudly, in a tone of

authority. "First, everyone must go to his quarters and stay there."

Something like a sigh came from the tattered crowd, but not one of them moved. They stood there motionless, watching, watching. Then the big man turned to them.

"My people—it will be best if we do as we are asked. Everyone must obey."

At that instant, Parker was filled with an insensate fury. In that moment he forgot the first lieutenant, the rest of the boarding party and every living soul upon that crowded ship except the big bearded man.

His hatred for that man became almost maniacal in its intensity. He trembled violently in the grip of it. He walked across the deck until he stood facing the big Jew.

"Who the hell are you to give orders?" said Parker passionately.

The Jew looked at Parker calmly, almost with pity, and before that look the last vestiges of Parker's sense of discipline and self-restraint disappeared completely. He raised his stick high and smashed it into the bearded face.

For a long moment all life upon the ship seemed suspended. Parker, the blow struck, stood a little uncertainly, still grasping his stick.

The big Jew, who could without a doubt have killed Parker with his bare hands, did not move. His face was bright with blood which trickled slowly into his beard.

THEN there came a single furious shout from somewhere among the mass, a shout which the crowd instantly took up in a concerted and menacing bellow. Something clattered against the davit beside which the first lieutenant was standing and fell heavily to the deck. A moment later the air was full of missiles.

Parker was dimly conscious of the big man standing like a rock amid the surge of bodies, vainly trying to stem their onward rush. But the flood poured irresistibly around that rock, engulfing the British seamen.

Hands tore at Parker's throat, at his body, at his legs. His right arm was seized in a vice-like grip and a moment later he was lifted off his feet.

The crowd surged and shrieked and still tore at him. Their stench overwhelmed and sickened him. Then his head struck some hard object violently and, in the instant of losing consciousness, he felt himself falling dizzily through space.

As he struggled back from oblivion Parker was aware first of all of an intolerable sense of suffocation. He gasped for breath and water rushed into his mouth so that he choked with agony and nausea. His body was held firmly in a powerful grip. He gasped again, this time gulping air.

Then he opened his eyes. The hated face of the big Jew swam dizzily before them. He struggled to release himself from whatever it was that held him, but without success. Then he retched violently with sickness and his body went limp again.

At the same moment the motor boat reached the spot where the big Jew was supporting Parker in the water, and the unconscious man was hauled aboard. The Jew followed. The boat returned to the tramp.

His shipmates were right when they judged Petty Officer Parker to be a tough customer. He recovered quickly. By the beginning of the first watch he was suffering nothing worse than a headache and a slight sense of disquiet in his stomach.

He stood alone on the tramp's fo'c'sle, gazing out into the night. During the afternoon he had had a long and exceedingly unpleasant interview with the first lieutenant, who had at first fully intended to send him back to the destroyer. But the first lieutenant was a wise young man.

He sensed a change in Parker, and knew that from then on he would do his job without any further lapse.

And so, finally, he told the seaman that his crime had been grave in the extreme, and that punishment must inevitably follow. But meanwhile there was a task to be completed. He was to stay aboard the tramp until then.

Parker accepted his chastisement and his orders quietly and without protest.

The fo'c'sle rose and fell gently as the little ship headed north through the Mediterranean night. The black silhouette of her bridge and stove-pipe funnel swung in a slow arc across the clear, starry sky. The deck beneath Parker's feet pulsed gently to the laboured revolutions of her engines.

The morning's trouble had been brief. After that first, concerted, furious rush in which Parker had been hurled from the ship's side the crowd had stopped, irresolute. And when the Jew had leaped into the sea to succour his attacker they had been completely at a loss, offering no further resistance to command.

FROM beneath Parker's feet there now came the sound of chanting, low and plangent, resigned but elemental in its yearning and melancholy. Below the fo'c'sle hatches the homeless and the destitute were singing again of old sorrows and of hardships long endured. Parker listened to the singing and was strangely disturbed.

The hours passed, and still Parker stared out across the night sea, alone. The singing stopped and a great quiet descended upon the ship. Beneath him sorrow had found some solace in sleep, and very strangely, there was warmth in his own heart which he had never known before.

Midnight approached and the solitary figure still stood beside the fo'c'sle winch. In the silence and the darkness, alone with the vast heavens and the broad sea, Petty Officer Parker's spirit came slowly to a painful rebirth after long years during which hate and envy had overlaid it with a constricting shell.

At five minutes to twelve he stirred. Every long-service sailor stirs at five minutes to midnight or thereabouts, for at this time the men of the middle watch are relieving those of the first, and the law that forbids a man to be late in his relief, though unwritten, is as strong as any in the Naval Code. At five minutes to twelve men who have been sleeping soundly wake suddenly, and tumble out of their hammocks to take their turn of duty.

AND in the same way Petty Officer Parker awoke from his poignant meditations as though from a deep sleep, with the realization that his watch was about to begin.

Silently, with a tread long used to ship's ladders, he went down through the fo'c'sle hatch. Below decks a single naked electric light glared above the prostrate forms of the sleeping derelicts crowded on the iron deck. The leading seaman on watch was dozing at the foot of the ladder, but he was alert in an instant at Parker's touch, grinned gratefully, and clambered, heavy with sleep, up to the deck above, to seek the comfort of his hammock aft.

Silently Parker surveyed the macabre scene. The stench in the enclosed place was overpowering and he shuddered at it, but no longer with resentment or hatred.

Beneath the single cold electric light the homeless and destitute lay closely crowded, pitiful in the defencelessness of their only comfort.

Then Petty Officer Parker saw the big Jew. He was sitting almost in the middle of the sleeping throng, like a patriarch with his sons and the sons of his sons about him. He sat with his back against an iron stanchion. Across his knees the slight body of a young boy lay relaxed in deep slumber.

Parker went across to the Jew, picking his way carefully among the recumbent bodies. Here one moaned, there another sighed in his sleep. And at last he stood before him.

The Jew's face was as calm, as serene as ever. When he saw Parker he smiled gently, and the smile aroused no resentment now, nothing but a great humility in the seaman's heart. The face of the Jew was bruised and broken where Parker had struck him.

"Is everything all right?" asked Parker, instinctively acknowledging that this man was the shepherd of this lost flock.

"Everything is all right," said the Jew calmly.

A silence followed then, Parker standing

THE HUMAN MACHINE by ROFFE THOMPSON

The Point of Discipline

IT seems to be innate in the human race to resent discipline. Any idea of restriction, restraint or obedience to orders seems to raise automatically a feeling of rebellion.

This is understandable up to a point. Independence is a precious asset to anyone; and I suppose that behind the instinctive resentment of discipline is a fear of losing that independence.

But the question is not really as simple as all that. Lack of discipline implies indiscipline and, allowed to run unchecked, that would very quickly put an end to any sort of ordered society.

And unchecked indiscipline is no good to the individual either.

Society—the living together of a number of people in an orderly and comfortable manner—can only be kept going if we all agree to accept a certain amount of discipline. Each individual must be willing—and "willing" is the operative word—to submerge a part of his wishes and desires for the sake of the common good.

It is a difficult problem, I know. Too much discipline, and you have tyranny: too little, and you have chaos. Clearly a great deal must depend on the individual, whose common sense should always act as a sort of balance wheel to avoid a runaway in either direction.

There are innumerable people who never seem to realize this. They never appreciate the importance of the individual—that is, themselves—being willing to sacrifice anything for the good of others.

* * *

Yet we should, every one of us, constantly try to understand why such sacrifices are necessary, just as we should also be on the alert to resent instantly anything that looks like discipline for its own sake. For that, too, is selfishness, and is merely the wish of the few to ride rough-shod over the many.

"Everything in moderation" was the motto of the old Greek philosophers: and if we all took it for a guide the sum of human happiness would be doubled tomorrow.

OH, JOHNNY!

by TIM

with downcast eyes until at last he found the courage and the strength to speak again.

"I—am sorry I struck you," he said. The words sounded terribly lame, but somehow a weight seemed lifted from his spirit.

The Jew shrugged his great shoulders very slightly.

"It was nothing," he said, "it is our destiny, and it was natural for you to do so."

"I have suffered for it," said Parker, "and will suffer more. But somehow—in some strange way—I have gained by it."

These were odd words for Petty Officer Parker. They sounded strange in his own ears.

The Jew smiled.

"Every man," he said, "cherishes within himself his own heaven, or his own hell. To pass from hell to heaven is a long and difficult road, but the rewards are very great."

He was silent then for a time, gazing down at the boy whose head was pillowed on his knees. He stroked the boy's hair lovingly.

Parker also was silent, almost in awe of something which he could not yet understand. At last he spoke again.

"What will you do when you get to Cyprus?" he asked.

The Jew was a long time replying, so long that Parker had begun to think he had not heard. Then the words came, slowly.

"I am concerned neither with the future nor with the past," the Jew said, as though in reverie, and his great voice had a deep, bell-like note. "These are my people, and their troubles are the troubles of today." He gestured gently with his hand, and it seemed as though a benediction comforted the sleeping throng.

"See," he said. "They sleep. They have no troubles now. Tomorrow—who knows? I will do what I can."

At noon next day the tramp berthed alongside a sun-scorched Cypriot wharf. In the early evening the disembarkation of the immigrants began. With patient weariness they moved in single file down the gangway, carrying their pitiable possessions with them.

The big Jew was the last to go. Standing on the tramp's scorching iron deck, Parker watched him gathering to the fold the weak and the faint of heart, the stragglers of the flock.

Slowly the pathetic column moved across the waterfront. The sun began to dip towards the horizon and another night.

From the ship's deck Parker continued to watch. All but the rearmost of the wanderers disappeared from sight, moving wearily towards their dark destiny. Then he saw the big Jew take a long, log-like burden—most probably a roll of bedding from one of the women.

* * *

Parker prayed that the Jew would look back, but he knew he would not. Had not the Jew said that his purposes lay neither with the past nor the future but with the present?

Parker watched him walk steadfastly on, his burden held horizontally across his chest. From the ship's deck he looked like a man crucified.

The declining sun cast his shadow upon the quay, a shadow in the form of a cross.

Only when the Jew had disappeared from sight did Petty Officer Parker turn from his watching. Then he walked slowly to his quarters aft, a man facing disgrace and dishonour and the loss of a lifetime's endeavour, but a man at last at peace with himself, for his heart had been softened.

as I was saying . . . . by Herbert Hodge

EGO—THE AWFUL TRUTH

"Would you rather be a bigger fool than you look—or look a bigger fool than you are?"...So goes the old conundrum

I AM WRITING THIS on Saturday afternoon. I've been lying flat on my back, with everything relaxed—including my mind.

And my mind, rummaging happily in the rag-bag of memory, like a small child escaped from a sleepy nursemaid, has offered me the old conundrum:

"Would you rather be a bigger fool than you look, or look a bigger fool than you are?"

☆ ☆ ☆

MY mind must have rummaged a long way down to find that one. But there was a time when I first heard it. And when I first heard it, I took it very seriously.

I must have been about seven at the time. It was at a children's party. I remember an uncle bending over me with a smile on his face as he asked it—all ready, I suppose, to say: "Impossible!" whichever way I answered.

But I didn't know that, then. And something distracted his attention before I could give him an answer. So I was left with the bare question turning over and over in my mind—not realizing it was just another of those grown-up catches.

☆ ☆ ☆

I WAS old enough to realize though, that my own wishes could make no difference to the awful truth. And it was the awful truth that worried me. Did I look a bigger fool than I was? Or was I a bigger fool than I looked?

All pleasure vanished from the party. I watched the other children enjoying themselves and marvelled that anyone could be so young and innocent as not to be troubled by this great question.

The grown-ups, I supposed, already knew the worst about themselves—one way or the other—and were either satisfied, or successfully hiding their sorrow. But, for me, there could be no peace until I got alone with a looking-glass.

☆ ☆ ☆

BUT a small boy is seldom left alone with a looking-glass for very long—or he wasn't in our house, where the womenfolk believed a broken looking-glass meant seven years' bad luck. So I had to rely mainly on shop-windows. And I was seldom able to get a really satisfactory look at myself in a shop-window. Even when I did, I wasn't able to stand and stare long enough to make up my mind. Doubts continued to dog me.

As I grew older, I tried to build up some idea of the truth from what other people obviously thought of me — particularly grown-up people. (I had an amazing faith in the wisdom of grown-ups in those days.) But the evidence was as vague and elusive as the shifting reflections in the shop-windows.

Then came the day when I played, or tried to play, for the first time in a school cricket match. Dad had got a new job, and we had moved, and I had gone to a new school where they had organized games, during schooltime, in the local "rec."

☆ ☆ ☆

SCHOOL cricket was something new to me. I was a dab at lamp-post cricket, with a bat made out of a piece of board, but I had never held a real cricket bat in my life before. And when my turn came to go in, I discovered, to my shame and horror, that a cricket bat had two different sides, a flat side and a more ornamental side.

I stood there at the wicket, gazing helplessly at the bat in my hands, and trying to make up my mind which side you were supposed to hit the ball with. There may be more dreadful moments in a boy's life, but I don't know of any.

☆ ☆ ☆

MY hesitation, of course, was noticed, though no one as yet had guessed the reason. It was quite beyond the imagination of any masters or boys at that school, I feel sure. Impatient murmurs came from the boys; then a barked command from the master.

I could hesitate no longer. I had to choose. And (very reasonably, I think, in the circumstances) I chose the more ornamental side. I took up what I felt to be a proper stance at the wicket, facing the bowler, and holding my bat with the ornamental side to the front.

A great shout of delight went up. The whole universe yelled. The ground roared it; the skies echoed it: "He's holding his bat the wrong way round!"

No boy, of course, could hope to live down a thing like that. So, for the rest of my schooldays, there was no need to glance into any more shop-windows. The question was answered. I obviously looked a bigger fool than I was.

When the time came to leave school, and I went looking for a job, the prospective employers who consented to see me confirmed me in that opinion. Those who actually employed me left me no possible doubt about it.

☆ ☆ ☆

THE outstanding exception among the employers was a man in Canada who was hiring navvies for the railroad. He asked no questions and made no remarks. He simply looked at the callouses on my hands and accepted me straightaway.

This cheered me up a lot—until I reflected that he didn't care whether a navvy was a fool or a genius, so long as he could swing a pick.

Then, just as I was beginning to settle down to the prospect of going through my whole life looking a bigger fool than I was, I got a new angle on it.

☆ ☆ ☆

AT this period, I occasionally met a girl, here and there, who seemed half-inclined to take a serious interest in me. But each girl, as she gradually got to know me, seemed reluctantly compelled to admit to herself that I was an even bigger fool than I looked.

A man can't help noticing it. There's a look that comes into a woman's eyes as she silently weighs you up. A man who has never seen that look has yet to plumb the depths of experience.

☆ ☆ ☆

SO the question obviously had two answers — depending on whether the person looking at me was a man or a woman.

I discovered all that a long time ago. This afternoon, when my mind suddenly dragged it out from the bottom of the rag-bag, I felt it was still true.

There is, however, one big difference between then and now. Then, it used to worry me. Now, it doesn't. Or nothing like so much. Nowadays, it sometimes amuses me.

Which, I suppose, is a sign that, at last, I'm growing up.

Herbert Hodge, author and taxi-driver, views life from a fresh angle each week

fanfare for Fish

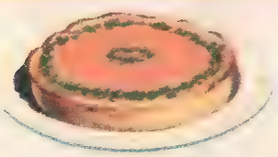
How many ways do you know of serving fish? Several no doubt. But just look at these suggestions; there's almost bound to be at least one that's new to you. That's the great advantage of fish; in itself it's a tasty and nourishing food and it gives you ideal main-meal dishes in almost endless variety. Try this Fish Shape; and if you would like detailed recipes of the other dishes described, send a postcard for "Fish Dishes" to Ministry of Food, Food Advice Division, London, W.1.

FISH SHAPE

INGREDIENTS. *1 lb. cooked white fish, 1½ lb. mashed potatoes, 1 level teaspoon curry powder, ½ level teaspoon dry mustard, 1 level teaspoon salt, a few bay leaves and some parsley to garnish. A little paprika pepper.* SERVES FOUR.

Remove any skin and bones from the fish before mixing it with the potatoes, curry powder, mustard and salt. Turn on to a flat fireproof dish and, using two knives, mould to the shape of a fish, making a hole for the eye, to be filled with parsley after cooking. Bake in a very hot oven until brown, about 10 minutes. Insert bay leaves for the fins. Decorate with paprika pepper. Serve hot

OVEN-FRIED FISH Fish coated with egg and breadcrumbs (reconstituted dried egg) is put into a shallow baking dish, in which a knob of fat has been melted, and baked in moderate oven for ½ hour.



FISH FLAN 1 lb. flaked steamed white fish is mixed with the paprika sauce (see recipe), heated through, then filled into a hot flan case which has been baked "blind."

COD STEAKS a l'Americaine — The cod steaks are baked, then masked with mustard sauce (see recipe for this). The garnish of chopped pickle or strips of gherkin adds piquancy; cooked carrot or tomato strips add appetising colour.

variety with sauces

Different sauces give variety to plain fish dishes. Here are two — others on request.

PAPRIKA SAUCE (all spoonfuls level). Fry 2 tablespoons chopped onion in ½ oz. dripping for 5 minutes without browning, stir in 3 tablespoons flour, 1 teaspoon paprika pepper. Cook 1 minute. Add ½ pint milk and water, bring to boil, stirring constantly, boil gently 5 minutes. Add 1 teaspoon salt, 1 tablespoon vinegar.

MUSTARD SAUCE (all spoonfuls level). Blend 6 tablespoons flour, 1 tablespoon dry mustard, 1 teaspoon salt and ¼ teaspoon pepper to a cream with a little from 1 pint of milk and water. Bring remainder of the milk and water to the boil, pour on to the mixture. Return to pan and bring to boil, stirring constantly. Boil gently 5 minutes, then beat in 1 tablespoon vinegar if liked.

ISSUED BY THE MINISTRY OF FOOD

If your child is under five

It isn't only the tiny baby, but the child right up to five years, who needs cod liver oil and orange juice *every day*. This is because bones and teeth are developing, the foundations of a "good constitution" are being laid, and childish ills and infections must be resisted. Vitamins — especially A, C, and D, are essential for these purposes.

These are just the vitamins the young child is in danger of lacking, for he is not yet able to cope with large enough quantities of foods to obtain the necessary amounts of vitamins. Cod Liver Oil and Orange Juice are foods rich in these vitamins, and are a necessary part of the everyday diet of all little Green Ration Book holders.

WHERE TO GET PRIORITIES

COD LIVER OIL and ORANGE JUICE. From special distribution centres; your Food Office will tell you your nearest centre. Cod liver oil is free; orange juice is 5d. a bottle. MILK, liquid, from your usual milkman. Babies up to 2 years can have National Dried Milk instead; your Food Office will tell you how to get it. EGGS, both shell and dried, from your usual shops. Babies between 6 months and 2 years get priority on shell eggs; your Food Office will give you an authority. All these priorities are obtainable with the Green Ration Book, holders of which also get a packet of dried egg, free of points, every 8 weeks.

(C8)

ISSUED BY THE MINISTRY OF FOOD

Tea Devils

by GEORGE IRELAND

ILLUSTRATED BY YATES WILSON

Pillai had no scruples about invoking magic to save his job. But he found he was not the only smart man in the village

"You are drunk!" said Pillai. "Only a little drunk, Tuan," beamed Marimuthoo

MR. PILLAI stepped jauntily into the office and smiled broadly at the clerk. "Good morning, Mr. Iyer."

"Good morning, Mr. Pillai. I am glad to see that you are well again. Has the malaria all gone?"

"All gone! I've had one week in hospital and three weeks at the seaside at Blatcho. Now I feel that I can handle a thousand coolies, ten thousand coolies, a million coolies!"

Iyer cleared his throat. "Have you seen the acting manager?"

Pillai shook his head. "I'm just back; I've come for instructions."

Iyer leaned forward and looked at Pillai with grave eyes. "Mr. Pillai, a thunderbolt has fallen on this estate since you've been away!"

"Where did it fall?"

"In this office, but it was not the ordinary kind of thunderbolt. Mr. Pillai," Iyer added sombrely, "the day after you went to hospital fifty coolies gave notice; they are leaving the estate this afternoon."

"Fifty!" Pillai repeated, gaping. "Why did they give notice?"

"They would not say. But the acting manager has said some awful words; I am a high caste man and I will not repeat them."

Pillai heaved a deep sigh. "Ever since the manager went to England on leave we have had bad luck. I have had the malaria, coolies are leaving; I wonder what will happen next?"

"We shall receive terrible letters from the directors. Fifty coolies less means that fifty thousand trees on the estate will not be tapped; consequently there will be a very much smaller crop of rubber."

"There must be bad spirits on this estate," Pillai said with great decision.

"The acting manager must think so too, because he has told his servant to place a charm behind his bungalow. It is a trussed-up fowl; he thinks that it will frighten the bad spirits away."

"Has the acting manager given you any instructions about me?" Pillai asked after a little while.

"No, but he said in a nasty voice that it will be a good thing for you if you can replace the fifty coolies."

Pillai bit his moustache and left the office.

Back in his bungalow, Pillai called for Marimuthoo. "I am giving you something to do; if you do not do it I will break your neck. Listen! The fifty coolies who are leaving the estate this afternoon will not say where they are going; some rascal has crimped them and I want you to find out who it is. Don't forget that I will break your neck if you don't!"

Marimuthoo came back two hours later a little unsteady on his feet.

"You are drunk!" said Pillai.

"Only a little drunk, Tuan," beamed Marimuthoo. "The coolies would not talk, so I bought Vengatia some toddy and made him drunk. He told me that Abdul Jahal had promised him some money if he got our coolies to go and work on his new clearing. They will have an easy time and Abdul promised all the coolies a hot drink at morning muster; *we* don't get a hot drink in the morning on *this* estate. Tuan, it cost me one dollar to make Vengatia talk."

Pillai gave Marimuthoo two dollars.

Early the next morning Pillai went to Hassan's house.

"Hassan," he began, "I am in great pickles!"

Hassan, who was squatting in front of his house, raised his bushy eyebrows.

"It means that I am in great troubles," Pillai explained.

Hassan rolled a cigarette.

"If I cannot get any help I don't know what I will do; perhaps I will jump into the river."

"There are only two feet of water in the river just now," Hassan remarked drily.

"Then I will go away, far away from here."

Hassan nodded and blew out a cloud of smoke.

"LAST night fifty of our coolies left my estate. I know that they are now working for that monkey-faced rascal Abdul Jahal; I want them back, and I want them back quickly."

"Why should they leave your estate and go and work for Abdul Jahal—they had been with you a long time?"

"They do not like the acting manager. Furthermore, Abdul Jahal has promised them all sorts of things, including hot drinks in the morning. I spoke to them yesterday afternoon and tried to persuade them to stay, but they would not take any notice."

"What did you tell them?" asked Hassan with mild interest.

"I told them that if they went to work on Abdul Jahal's estate the evil spirits would get into their bellies, that their wives would be unfaithful, their children get thin, and that the whole fifty would die."

Hassan threw the stump of his cigarette away and began rolling another. "How can I help you?" he asked at last.

"I thought that if you knew a magic man you could ask him to invoke bad spirits to frighten the coolies on Abdul Jahal's estate and make them come back here."

Hassan pondered for a moment. "I

CLOUD OVER THE CENTRE COURT

There's more to our tennis problems than how to regain the world titles

And so . . . . another Wimbledon, with its neck-straining spectators, breathless finals, movie cameramen and rapid-fire radio commentators.

Once again the nations have sent their best players to compete on Wimbledon's famous Centre Court.

But in welcoming these crack players—as many as thirty tennis-playing nations are usually represented on the courts—Wimbledon is conscious of pressing problems that lie ahead.

The first is our vanished supremacy in lawn tennis. There was a time—up till 1907—when British tennis was clearly tops.

Then, with the "invasion" by players from New Zealand, Australia, America and France, came a decline. And, despite the glorious counter-attack by Fred Perry and Dorothy Round between 1933 and 1937, it has persisted to this day.

True, the Wimbledon championships are still known the world over. Each day's play attracts a gate of more than 25,000 and the whole event brings total receipts which touch £150,000 a year.

But where are the titles? Where are the British champions? Wimbledon may draw thirty nations' representatives to its Centre Court; it shows no signs of producing another Perry or Round.

Even the closest followers of the game can only say "Wait and see," basing their hopes on the Lawn Tennis Association, which is now running a nation-wide coaching scheme with the co-operation of local education authorities.

Wimbledon itself remains one of the world's finest sports grounds and its Centre Court—the most expensive and most molly-coddled piece of turf in Britain—is incomparable.

The spectacle which it presents today is unbelievably changed from that July day in 1877 when Spencer Gore—one of twenty players who entered for the men's singles—won the final, watched by 200 spectators who had paid a shilling each to enter.

"Correct" Dress

In those days the only competitors were British and one of the All-England Club's rules read: "Gentlemen are requested not to play in their shirt sleeves when ladies are present." The ladies were barred from the courts unless they wore ankle-length skirts, stockings—and had their arms covered.

Wimbledon's popularity reached a peak with the arrival of Suzanne Lenglen whose whirlwind play, sensationally short, sleeveless dress—and tempestuous personality—caught the interest of the women of Britain.

So great was public interest that tournament organizers decided to quit their old headquarters at Worple Road and in 1922 King George V opened the new Wimbledon, built at a cost of £140,000. Soon the day came when Wimbledon could draw an even larger crowd than a Test match.

All of which leads up to the second problem which confronts Wimbledon today—the urgent need for expansion. We may have lost the world titles. We may have precious little hope of winning them back for many years. But we can do something, soon, to ensure that Wimbledon remains the centre of world tennis.

The second World War worsened an accommodation position which was already acute. Bomb damage has reduced Wimbledon's seating accommodation. It is now clear that if Britain, having lost the titles, is to retain its position as the home of the world's leading tennis tournament, considerable expansion must take place within the next few seasons.

The present championships will certainly hammer home the point that, unless Wimbledon is ready to handle the growing crowds of spectators, Britain may see the championship venue shifted overseas.

Amateurs Only

Then again many tennis followers are wondering how long it will be before Wimbledon puts on the official World's Open Championships.

At the moment only amateur players are allowed to compete in All-England tournaments. This means that many former champions—Fred Perry, Donald Budge, Bobby Riggs, Helen Jacobs and Alice Marble are names that come to mind—are now barred from the Centre Court because they have turned professional.

Although this is a controversial matter, the Lawn Tennis Association has already given a pointer to possible future developments; last December the Association decided to allow professionals in other sports to enter amateur tennis tournaments.

Wimbledon is steeped in tradition and the club's rules touching amateurism have been most rigid. The idea of an open championship which would allow the world's leading amateurs to meet the leading professionals may cause eyebrows to lift.

But the future of Wimbledon calls for a progressive attitude to this matter. We cannot logically continue to exclude Wimbledon stars who have joined the ranks of the professionals. An open championship, carrying with it a world's title, is one attractive idea the Association might well consider.

Meanwhile, where are the British stars? Nineteen-year-old Joy Gannon remains our brightest hope and this year's Wimbledon experience will certainly improve her play.

But the chances are that the tennis star we await is even at this moment playing on some school court, in pig-tails and gym-slip, with a racquet that badly needs restringing.

REGINALD DIGBY

Continued from previous page

think I know a man who could do what you ask."

Pillai brightened.

"He is very clever, but he is expensive," Hassan added.

"How much will he want?"

"Fifty dollars."

Pillai's face fell. "I haven't got fifty dollars."

"The manager might give you an advance," Hassan suggested.

"What the manager will give me is the sack," Pillai retorted.

Pillai started to walk away but Hassan called him back.

"Wait a little, Tuan. Perhaps we can find some other way."

Pillai stood still while Hassan gazed ahead with half-closed eyes. "If you give me your bullock," Hassan said after a moment, "I will sell it and pay the magic man with the money."

Pillai closed his right eye. "I can sell it myself."

"You will not get more than thirty dollars for it."

"Thirty dollars! That bullock cost me seventy dollars!"

"That was a long time ago," Hassan remarked.

"You said just now that the magic man wanted fifty dollars," Pillai pointed out, with a sly glance. "Who will pay him the remaining twenty dollars?"

"I will pay it with my own money."

Pillai's eyes rolled.

"I have known you a long time, Tuan Pillai," Hassan explained. "I would be sick inside my heart if you went away."

"Life," mused Pillai as he walked slowly home, "is very strange. First I get the malaria, then the coolies go away. If they do not come back I get the sack; if they *do* come back I lose my bullock." Pillai shook his head.

The next afternoon, as he was sitting in his living-room, Pillai was startled by the sudden appearance of his water-carrier.

"Tuan," cried Marimuthoo, "the coolies are back! They are all here except Vengatia." Pillai leaped out of his chair and hurried to the coolie lines.

Half an hour later he entered the office.

"The coolies are back, Mr. Iyer!" he announced with a smile.

Iyer finished adding up a column of figures, put down his pen and looked up. "I thought they would come back," he said quietly, and added, "That man Hassan is clever."

"How do you know about Hassan?"

"He was here yesterday afternoon. I overheard him telling the acting manager that he knew of a magic man who, for one hundred dollars, could make the coolies come back to this estate. The acting manager gave Hassan the money."

"Hassan is a big rascal!" Pillai exploded. "*I* went to him yesterday morning about the coolies and he told *me* that he could get the magic man to make the coolies come back. Furthermore he said that the price would be fifty dollars. As I haven't got any money I promised Hassan that I would give him my bullock so he could sell it and give the money to the magic man."

"He is a clever rascal," Iyer emphasized. "I do not believe that he gave all the money to the magic man, because I heard this morning that he has bought a bullock cart."

"Why does he want a bullock cart?—He has no bullock."

"He asked the acting manager to give him a contract to cart rubber to the railway station, and the acting manager agreed on condition that the coolies came back. I think you will see that Hassan has a bullock, Mr. Pillai."

A few hours later Pillai went to the township to celebrate the coolies' return and to seek consolation for the loss of his bullock. After visits to two drinking shops he walked over to the house of his friend Goindasawmy, the hospital dresser.

"That magic man," said Pillai, after the first bottle of beer, "must be very cunning with the spirits. The coolies told me that after they went to work this morning hot devils went inside their bellies; they all had sore guts, all except a rascal called Vengatia."

"Did you say 'Vengatia'?" repeated Goindasawmy.

"Yes. He did not come back with the others; I expect the devils drove him into the jungle."

"That is strange," Goindasawmy remarked thoughtfully, "because a coolie of that name was brought into the hospital this afternoon. He was very drunk and had his head cut open.

"I had to put in five stitches, and all the time he was cursing a man called Hassan because he had not paid him the money he had promised for putting some white powder in the coolies' tea on Abdul Jahal's estate this morning."

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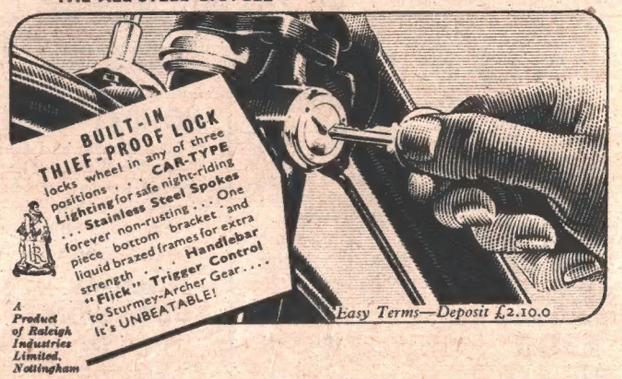
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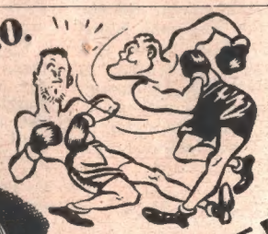

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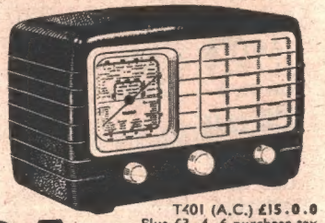
4D

There were stories about people crying when he played. It seemed such nonsense! Until . . . tonight . . . she had lowered her head towards the end, not wanting to look a fool . . . It was only music. Only radio. But nearer, closer, strangely closer than radio came before . . .

She flips off the switch with her fingers. It is silent now, that very small set . . . so lovely to look at, so wonderful to hear.



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HOW TO MIX A NELSON'S BLOOD!
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FREE! SEND FOR JAMAICA JO'S RUM RECIPES TO: JAMAICA JO (Dept. J. B.) 40, NORFOLK ST, LONDON, W.C.2

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Ask your Shoe Repairer—he is best qualified to fit SUSSEX. His advice will be to have SUSSEX fitted to new shoes from the start—because then your shoes will wear twice as long, retaining their original style and fit.

ALREADY sixteen readers have booked for a Free Holiday at Prestatyn, won with a *Bullet*. You can join them—or, if you prefer, take advantage of *John Bull's* bookings at Blackpool, Scarborough, Bournemouth or Torquay.

Better still, enter on your coupon below the best *Bullet* of this Contest and yours will be a Free Holiday in Switzerland for Two—to celebrate capturing £300 in cash!

Seaside or Switzerland, the time to win your *Bullets* Holiday is *now*. Start at once on those inviting *Examples*, post your entry by Monday, July 7—and a big Cash-plus-Holiday prize may reward your few well-chosen words.

RULES 1. First Prize to best *Bullet* received, others in order of merit—the test is of cleverness, aptness and originality.
2. Editor undertakes that all *Bullets* received shall be accorded careful consideration by competent Adjudicators.
3. As entry-fee, enclose P.O. or stamps value 1s. for four *Bullets*, or value 6d. to cover two *Bullets*. Plain paper entries are allowed. If using P.O. make payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Forces half-rate for *Bullets* and Crosswords for entry-fees not exceeding 2s. if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated.
4. Entries accepted only on condition that results of this week's Contests in JOHN BULL dated July 26, also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding.

How to make a *Bullet*

To make a *Bullet*, add simply TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the *Examples* below. To use an incomplete *Example*, first complete it with any one word in place of dotted line—then make your *Bullet*.

PRIZES value over **£750**

FIRST PRIZE £300 and 10-day SWISS HOLIDAY FOR TWO

£25 — £10 3 of £5

5 cash prizes above, each plus **SEASIDE HOLIDAY FOR TWO**

Holiday 6 Cheques £2.10

50 SEASON TICKETS

1,500 "Good Shot" Prizes

Add 2, 3 or 4 Words to any of these "Examples"

ENGLISHMAN'S CASTLE
DRIVE FOR PROSPERITY
BOND OF BROTHERHOOD
DONE WITHOUT
OWNED BY THE NATION
OLD AND FEEBLE
WHILE THE SUN SHINES
GIVEN TIME
LET'S BE CHEERFUL AND
BILLS—BILLS—BILLS
HAS MY SYMPATHY
RESIGNED
ON THE HOLIDAY TRAIN
TAKES NO NOTICE
PRETTY HOT
HE WANTED A CHANGE, SO
LUCKY DOG
SOMETHING SHE FORGOT
BOWLED OUT
WHEN DAD TOOK A DIP

Incomplete "Examples"—see instructions.

THE ..... INDUSTRY
WAY WE'RE .....
FREE FROM .....
BLAMES .....
PARTED WITH .....
GAVE ..... A START

ADDRESS ENTRY "BULLETS" 1,585 (or XWORD 537); "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2 (COMP.)

STICK 2½d. STAMP here and address this label if you want the help of *Bulletin and Gazette* dated July 19 offering Cash and HOLIDAY PRIZES

398

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

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EXAMPLE .....

BULLET .....

EXAMPLE .....

BULLET .....

EXAMPLE .....

BULLET .....

EXAMPLE .....

BULLET .....

Closing Postmark, **1,585** MON., JULY 7

I agree to Rules and enclose P.O. value .....

No. .....

Signed .....

Address .....

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"BULLETS" 1,581 RESULT

FIRST PRIZE, £300 plus Swiss Holiday: W.O.1 C. Smith, 14A Britannia Road, Warley, Essex:
Clinging To Hope
Effortless—Hopeless!

SECOND PRIZE, £50 plus Seaside Holiday: A. Hewitt, 19 Clapton Road, Portishead, near Bristol: **For The Brave—Housewife—Be Bolder, Strachey!**

THIRD PRIZE, £25 plus Seaside Holiday: G. Wilde, 14 Lees Street, Higher Openshaw, Manchester, 11: **Missing From Europe—Peace—Still "Political Prisoner"?**

THREE PRIZES of £10 plus Seaside Holiday: G. J. Ostler, 14 St. Mary's Street, Canterbury: **Bride And Bridegroom—Lucky—Their Archway *Bricked*.** A. Sticker, 36 Aubrey Road, Bristol, 3: **Did Employees Good—Sharing The Boss's "Headaches."** Mrs. M. Wood, 2 Frederica Cotts., Caldecote Street, Newport Pagnell, Bucks: **For The Brave—War, Before Atom Discovered.**

SIX PRIZES of £5: Mrs. M. Chatfield, 98 Valley View Road, Rochester: **Bristling With Whiskers—And Whalebones, Family Album!** C. Day, 91 Rowheath Road, King's Norton, Birmingham: **Bristling With Difficulties—Peace-making, While "Bear" Porcupine!** J. R. Fowell, Glenariff, Byrds Lane, Uttoxeter: **Bristling With Horns—Poles, Pegs, Camper—Bull!** F. M. Fyfe, 14 Pollock Avenue, Eaglesham, near Glasgow: **Did Me Good—Sack—I'm Seeking *Employees*.** Mrs. T. Gould, 64 Llewellyn Avenue, Ely, Cardiff: **On The Mat—"Wrestlers"—Letter From Sonny!** C. S. Harrison, 44 Nottingham Road, Lowdham, Notts: **Man Down The Mine—*New* Owners *Do* Appreciate!**

Holidays arranged by Cook's. Cheques, 50 Season Tickets and 1,500 other Awards have been posted

HOLIDAY TOURS with CROSSWORD £100

See Devon and Cornwall on an 850-mile luxury Coach Tour for Two. That fine Holiday prize goes with each cheque for £25 or over in this week's £100 Cash Crossword—awards value £25 amongst Runners-up.

Post your Square below by Monday, July 7.

£100 AND HOLIDAY TOURS WON

XWORD 533

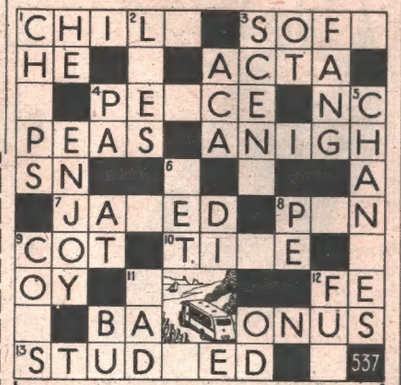
WINNING WORDS.
ACROSS: 1, Stay. 2, Year. 5, Whim. 6, Peace. 7, Peg. 8, Smug. 10, Petty. 11, Tram. 12, Port.
DOWN: 1, Sticks. 3, Rider. 4, Rage. 7, Pages. 9, Taps. 10, Pet.

TWO £100 SHARERS: E. J. Day, 10 Ryde Place, Lee-on-Solent; Miss A. E. Fletcher, Ashlyn, Prestwood, Gt. Missenden. In addition winners awarded 850-mile Coach Tour.

Runners-up Award (value £25) shared between 55 entrants.

Across Clues XWORD 537
1. Nursing one can prove a tiresome business
3. Will perhaps give substantially
4. Not so common where there are children
7. Even a housewife is sometimes this after a day's work
8. Ingenious one often gives a twist to yarn
10. Some people have cause to remember high one up river
13. The sky is very often this

Down Clues.
1. You quite often see them wrapped up in newspaper
2. These are often thrown away
3. Gifted person may be able to throw one off in remarkably short time
5. Big man doesn't wait for these, but makes them
6. It's scandalous the way people are badly soaked by
9. Where you find these, you'll almost always find pens
11. Average schoolboy dislikes idea of new one
12. There are people who don't mind this if it means keeping warm



HOW TO ENTER THIS COUPON

Complete Square in INK, giving your Answers to Clues above. Winner—sender of most meritorious set of Answers received—decided by Adjudication Committee on basis of aptness and accuracy. Ties divide. Entrants limited to one prize per Contest, but extra £25 cash amongst winners entering 8 or more 3d. entries. Signature below is agreement to Rules.

For this one Square send 6d. (P.O. or stamps), covering entry-fee and dispatch of *Crossword Gazette* dated July 19 for which enclose addressed *Bulletin and Gazette* Label without affixing stamp. If no *Gazette* required, your 6d. also covers second set of Answers on plain paper. Pencilled entries barred.

I enclose 6d. P.O. Closing Postmark, MON., JULY 7

No. **537**

Signed .....

Address .....

.....

WRITE TO JOHN BULL ABOUT IT

Our team of experts will solve your queries (except medical) if you send them to the John Bull Free Advice Service, 186 High Holborn, London, W.C.1. Domestic problems should be sent to "Humanist," at the same address. Stamp for reply, please

Stolen Car Inquiry

"OUR SON WAS knocked down and badly injured by a stolen car. The driver is now in prison for stealing and driving dangerously. The owner of the car is not liable to my son and the thief has no money. Is there any way my son can get compensation for his injuries and the wages he has lost while he was in hospital?"

▶▶ Yes, there is. The Motor Insurers' Bureau (60 Watling Street, London, E.C.4) has agreed with the Minister of Transport to see that the victim in cases like this, and in other motor accident cases where there is no insurance cover, is properly compensated. The scheme applies to accidents happening after July 1, 1946, and early notice must be given to the Bureau. Full particulars are contained in a pamphlet, "Motor Insurers' Bureau," published by H.M. Stationery Office, price 1d.

Blood Donors

"I HAVE BEEN TOLD that there is a demand for blood donors and am quite willing to help in this service, but I do not know where to go to make this offer. In some districts there have been local campaigns but not in my area since the end of the war. No doubt other people have the same difficulty. Can you advise?"

▶▶ The Ministry of Health has made arrangements for the address of the Regional Blood Transfusion Officer to be displayed in every post office in England and Wales. Although the war is over it is still necessary to emphasize the value of every blood donor in the service of the sick.

Dependent Relatives

"TWO MAIDEN AUNTS, aged seventy-one and seventy-four, live with me. They have the old age pension of twenty-six shillings a week each. At present the income tax allowance for them as dependants is only £13 each, but under the new Budget I learn that I may claim the full £50 allowance as they have no other source of income and I have to keep them. What ought I to do?"

▶▶ When effect is given to the new Budget proposals, probably in July, you should receive the full £50 allowance for each of your dependent relatives. You need not take any action. You will find that your code number is increased, and in this case you will receive a rebate of tax for the period beginning April 6, 1947.

Minor's Legacy

"STILL A MINOR, I expect to receive some money from a legacy when I am twenty-one. If I should happen to die before then, who would get the money due to me?"

▶▶ It would pass to your next of kin.

Tenant's Tax Liability

"MY LANDLORD has failed to pay the tax due on my house, and the income tax authorities are claiming the money from me as the occupier of the premises. Am I really liable for this?"

▶▶ You are liable to pay the tax demanded, but you have an absolute right to deduct the amount from the rent due to the landlord. In other words, pay your rent to the Collector of Taxes until the whole sum has been worked off.

Maternity Benefit

"CAN YOU TELL ME why the approved society refuses maternity benefit to my wife who has recently given birth to a daughter? She had been insured over twenty years and contributed until July, 1945. It seems that she is still entitled to medicines, etc., but surely maternity benefit lasts for two years after ceasing to contribute?

▶▶ The reason for the approved society's refusal of maternity benefit to your wife was that she had not twenty-six contributions to her credit for the contribution year. To gain the benefit she needed twenty-six contributions for the year ended July, 1946.

HOW EXPERT WERE YOU?

Answers to Quiz on page 17

MAGIC. (1) 1722, at Dornoch. (2) Merlin. (3) Dorothy, the Cowardly Lion, the Tin Woodman and the Scarecrow. (4) One that adds up to the same number in all directions, as this one does to fifteen:

8	1	6
3	5	7
4	9	2

(5) Escaping from bonds.

MUSICIANS. (1) Flautist. (2) Paderewski. (3) Dolmetsch. (4) Heifetz. (5) 'Cello; double bass.

FAMOUS AMERICANS. (1) To give warning of British troops advancing from Boston in 1775. (2) Abraham Lincoln at Gettysburg in 1863. (3) John Paul Jones. (4) Lee was a Confederate general in the Civil War; Webster was an orator, lawyer and statesman; Thoreau was a naturalist, lexicographer and advocate of the simple life. (5) Franklin Roosevelt and Thomas Dewey.

SCOTLAND. (1) North Britain. (2) Edinburgh; Glasgow. (3) Aberdeen; Ayrshire. (4) A house. It is said that John Groot, a Dutchman, built an octagonal house there with eight doors, one for each member of the family, to avoid jealousy. (5) At Bannockburn Robert Bruce defeated the English in 1314; At Flodden Field (Northumberland) the Earl of Surrey defeated the Scots in 1513; Glencoe is remembered for the massacre of the Macdonalds in 1692; Scone was the traditional coronation place of the Scottish Kings.

DIFFERENCES. (1) Concave is curved like the inside of a sphere, convex like the outside of a sphere. (2) A gourmand is a glutton; a gourmet a connoisseur of food and drink. (3) A stalactite is a hanging deposit (usually of calcium carbonate in a cavern); a stalagmite grows upwards from the ground. (4) Coleridge-Taylor was a composer (he wrote the music for *Hiawatha*); Samuel Taylor Coleridge was a poet. (5) A euphemism is an expression which avoids a more unpleasant one (as when we say "queer" for "mad"); a euphuism is an affected or high-flown expression.

A LITTLE BIRD TOLD ME! JENNY WREN

I know that Beauty ornaments
Herself with creams and rouge and scents!
But more important, I should think,
Her white teeth keep her 'in the pink'!
And she preserves their gleam and gloss
By using stuff called Kolynos.
I'm just a Wren, without a tooth,
But 'little birds' oft tell the truth!

Confidentally it's KOLYNOS FOR WHITER, BRIGHTER TEETH

NASTY Scratch

—IT NEEDS GERMOLENE

The odds are that a cut or scratch will heal quickly. We all know that! But with a dressing of Germolene safety is assured. Germolene sinks into the hidden recesses of the skin—into the little pores, glands and follicles. Its soothing, cooling, cleansing touch calms irritated skin nerves, quickly relieves throbbing, itching, irritation. Naturally children take to Germolene—and what is there better for the skin? Use Germolene yourself, too! Obtainable everywhere. 1/4 and 3/3 *inc. pur. tax.*

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"...and 1 3/5 seconds later—"

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The driver of the nearer car, in the real-life situation above, was attempting the impossible. He had tried to overtake when he shouldn't — on a blind bend. Then, with disaster ahead, he braked, but it was too late.

The smash came 1 3/5 seconds later.

Why? Exasperation at being held up behind the lorry? But our Highway Code (paragraphs 28 and 30) warns us against overtaking *whenever* it is unsafe to do so. That is obviously the case when there is no clear view ahead.

Get to *know* your Highway Code. It helps you in a hundred ways to maintain your driving skill.

KEEP DEATH OFF THE ROAD
LEARN THE HIGHWAY CODE

Issued by the Ministry of Transport

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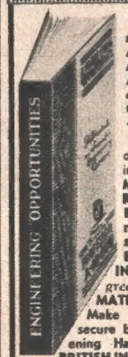

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